

Jane E Chapman  
Achen Tivy  
Southampton

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THE  
MYSTIC COTTAGER.

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Chamonix.

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MUSEUM OF GREAT BRITAIN

THE  
MYSTIC COTTAGER  
OF  
CHAMOUNY:

A NOVEL,  
IN TWO VOLUMES.

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VOL. I.

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As in the hollow breast of Appenine,  
Beneath the shelter of encircling hills,  
A myrtle rises far from human eye,  
And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild;  
So flourish'd blooming and unseen by all  
The lovely Rosalie.

THOMSON'S SEASONS.

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LONDON:  
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THE  
MYSTIC COTTAGER

OF  
C H A M O U N Y :

A NOVEL

IN TWO VOLUMES



As a work of fiction, it is not only  
interesting, but also instructive.  
It is a story of a cottage in the  
woods, and of the people who  
live there. The story is told  
in a simple and unobtrusive  
manner, and is full of interest  
and pathos.

LONDON:  
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A D D R E S S

TO THE

P U B L I C.

CONSIGNED to the benignant smile or capricious frown of a disinterested public, these humble pages are presented as the genuine dictates of the moment of imagination, unbiaſſed by the aſſiſtance of compilation to frame their fable, or veil its imperfections; traced by the pen of juvenility, and ſacred alone to the inſpiration of compaſſion that excited  
the

ADDRESS.

the idea of attempting a simple tale free from the corruption of guile, for the sole endeavour of raising a trivial sum for the benefit of a distressed Orphan, deprived of the blessing of sight, and thereby rendered incapable of maintaining herself, consequently dependant on the humanity of those whom Heaven has deigned to crown with affluence, and inspired their hearts with liberality to relieve the child of sorrow.

Under the auspices of a generous public should this humble attempt meet a favorable reception, the juvenile Authoress can alone impute its success to their benevolence, and trembling at the critic's glance of deprecation, consoles herself only with the hope that reflection will

ADDRESS.

will whisper the unfeigned reality of its design, and the tear of pity fall on its errors, while the soul of sensibility will anticipate the tortures of suspense for its fate under such interesting circumstances.

Conscious deference shrinking like the tender sensitive, droops with fear, and the sunshine of approbation can alone revive it; but if blighted by the breath of censure, alas! the storm that levels the fancy-nursed embryo will desolate all future bloom. Relying on the humanity of an encouraging public, the orphan's devoted prayer shall rise to heaven as the grateful incense of a heart overflowing with the effusion of sensibility, indebted to their generosity, and amply recompenced by their lenient approbation

**ADDRESS.**

probation, the honest gleam of gratitude  
will ever glow in the heart of their

**Most obliged humble Servant,**

**THE AUTHORESS.**



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THE  
MYSTIC COTTAGER  
OF  
CHAMOUNY.

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CHAP. I.

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**A**UGUSTUS TANKERVILLE,  
Marquis of Sevigné, was a native of  
Switzerland, the last descendant of an ancient  
and noble family, who on the decease of his  
Marchioness, came over to reside in England,  
in order to try if by changing the scene he

VOL. I.

B

could

could divert the melancholy which was his inseparable companion, in the southern clime.

The Dowager Lady Mentoria, his aunt, who, was fondly endeared to him during the whole course of his life, determined to accompany him and his charming offspring; the eldest of whom, a son, had very lately taken the title of St. Laurens, and the Ladies, Adela and Louisa, were then in their seventeenth and eighteenth years, charming accomplished women, who had improved an elegant education by a refined understanding, moulded to every impression of virtue and genius; in short it was an arduous decision to adjudge the prize of beauty or sensibility to one in preference to the other.

Lady Adela was tall, and of exquisite proportion, and her complexion beautifully transparent; and the rosy bloom of health diffused its beauties on her cheek, her profuse hair of the palest brown, and the benignant softness  
that

that beamed from her fine blue eyes, gave her the appearance of a celestial divinity.

Lady Louisa was rather shorter than her sister, yet sufficiently tall to be a gracefully elegant figure. Her hair was auburn, and sported in the fantastic luxuriance of nature on a bosom and shoulders of the finest form; her complexion clear, her teeth beautifully white and regular, and a thousand dimples played round her coral lips; her eyes were dark and expressive, yet tempered with ineffable sweetness; her voice exquisitely melodious, and her genius lively and expanded; of the French and Italian languages she was perfect mistress; the science of music was her chief delight, and she touched the piano and harp to perfection; in the dance she was the sprightly ærial of the scene, where her inimitable attitude and grace captivated every beholder.

Lady Adela with a constitution more delicate, had never studied to excel in that ac-

complishment, yet she joined the festive group, with a peculiar degree of graceful ease, but her principal perfection consisted in copying minutely elegant drawings, from the choicest collections of the most eminent proficient, add to which her natural taste, and the picturesque views that bounded the confines of the castle, gave unlimited scope to the prolific and accurate traces of her animated crayon.

Her amiable brother, Lord Edwin St. Laurens, possessed a noble spirit, a generous expansion of soul, and an understanding chaste and refined, while liberality, gratitude, and generosity were the aspiring virtues of his heart. He was now just of age, and was preparing to make an excursion through Switzerland, and explore the beauties of that country, before he undertook his trip to India, accompanied by his juvenile friend, the Chevalier D'Aubigné, then at Paris, and with whom he intended passing some weeks before his return; Ladies Adela and Louisa reluctantly

antly parted with their brother, accompanied only by his faithful valet Carlos, who earnestly entreated to attend his master, "for there," sighed he, "in a romantic cottage, on the mountains dwells my sweet little Marcella, and if you will indulge me, honored Sir, in this request, my life and services shall be ever devoted in gratitude." A manly tear was hastily brushed away, and Lord Edwin's acquiescent smile sealed his hopes.

The morning of departure arrived, and the Marquis embracing his son, bid him write often, and never forget he had left a parent in England, anxious for the welfare of a dear loved child, the pride and glory of his declining years.

Lord Edwin pressed his hand, uttered an affectionate avowal of obedience, and tenderly saluting his lovely sisters, departed from the castle.

The faithful Carlos, all gratitude for the favor of attending his master, redoubled his assiduity on every occasion. Carlos, though the son of a Swiss peasant, possessed great natural abilities, and had been instructed in the early part of life in many necessary accomplishments, to fulfil the duties of his present station, by a gentleman residing in Savoy, who had recommended him to the patronage of Lord Edwin about two years since, possessing great good nature and a naturally lively disposition; Lord Edwin would often wonder at the visible gloom that sometimes overspread his countenance, in spite of every endeavour to conceal it, but since the name of Marcella had escaped his lips, he was all life, all happiness, and merrily passed the hours with due difference and distinction to his noble master, who was now at no loss to guess the cause of his suspicions.

About the second week they arrived at the foot of the mountain, on whose summit the well known cottage of Marcella's parents reared its  
humble

humble shelter; Carlos swiftly darting to the door, peeped through the casement, and gently tapped, instantly the latch was drawn and Marcella flew to the arms of Carlos.— Lord Edwin seated at a distance on an impending jut of the craggy steep, beheld with delight the faithful and sincere raptures of these artless lovers. Marcella was a pretty little figure, habited in a pale brown stuff jacket, with a short blue petticoat, that displayed one of the prettiest legs and yellow slippers in Savoy; her dark ringlets were confined by a blue silk net, through the folds of which many sportive curls wantoned o'er her polished forehead, a small handkerchief of lawn shaded her bosom, and on her arm was suspended a basket of luxuriant grapes just gathered from the vineyard behind the cottage.

After the moment of surprise was over, she advanced with Carlos towards Lord Edwin, and modestly offering the produce of her basket, entreated his Lordship to walk in and take shelter from the meridian sun-

beams, as the day was growing sultry. A cluster of the purple vintage was as gratefully accepted as bestowed, but the visit to the cottage was declined; Lord Edwin in fact did not mean to intrude on the worthy inmates, but wished to stroll and amuse himself for half an hour, he then promised Carlos he should return in three days and pass a week with these happy mountaineers, while he paid a visit to a family about thirty miles distant. Marcella's eyes glowing with delight seemed to thank him, and Carlos, filled with admiration of his kindness, bowed his grateful acknowledgments of the favor conferred with so much real condescension.

Lord Edwin kept his promise of sparing the enraptured Carlos, but his departure mightily pleased him, the poor fellow had arisen by day break, and at five he crept down stairs to wake the servants, and saddle his mule, which he fastened to the back gate, and entering the hall was met by Lord Edwin, who, tempted by the beauty of the morning, had



had arose to give him some orders forgot the preceding evening. 'Are you already equipped, Carlos?' "Yes, my Lord, I shall now be off in five minutes," answered he, very deliberately, tying up his little bundle of linen, in which he had actually packed one boot: Lord Edwin observed the circumstance, and stifled his risibility 'till the package was completely finished, and the poor fellow half crazy with delight, and his every thought employed in anticipating the joyful meeting, begging to know if his Lordship had any farther commands; being answered in the negative, instantly made his respectful obeisance and mounted his mule.

"Stop, Carlos," cried Lord Edwin, "do they usually travel here with one boot?" — Carlos instantly cast his eyes on his right leg, and beheld it only equipped with a stocking and slipper: "'Tis very true, my Lord," answered he, "but heaven knows where I have left it." "Why, if you should have occasion to make use of it," rejoined Lord

Edwin, "only untie your bundle and you'll find it carefully wedged in." Carlos instantly laid his hand on the handkerchief and to his great confusion felt the truth of his conviction; "Bless my heart," cried he, twitching the knot, "'twas Walter's fault, for he was asking me so many questions about Marcella all the time, that I could attend to nothing but the pleasure of gratifying his inquiries." Lord Edwin enjoyed a hearty laugh at the bustle that detained the anxious traveller, who had not even waited to swallow a morsel of breakfast, but a few moments completed the arrangements, and once more mounting he galloped off and was out of sight in an instant.

Time did not hobble on crutches with Carlos and Marcella, and at the appointed time he returned, delighted with the promise of again passing her cottage to bid adieu, in his way to England.

CHAP.

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CHAP. II.  

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**L**ORD EDWIN's tour again commenced and he determined visiting the Vale of Chamouny, he therefore hired a guide and bent his course to that beautifully romantic scene. Here he rested to contemplate the roseate tints of morn intersperfed with golden fluids, reflecting its glowing beam on the summit of the mountains : A murmuring cascade broke the solemn silence that reigned around ; the dulcet notes of a shepherd's pipe wafted on the bosom of the breeze sounded from the valley ; here a huge cliff bent its

lowering brow majestically grand; there one more fertilized exhibited the traces of the plough, on its rugged sides, while blooming wild weeds luxuriantly hung in waving wreaths from innumerable impending projections of rock; many beautiful vagrant rills gently stole thro' various crevices, while some impeded in their course by rude fragments of stone impetuously broke a passage and precipitated the sparkling foam down a tremendous declivity 'till it paused in the mazy windings of a gentle stream.

“How sublimely beautiful is this wild luxuriance of prolific nature,” exclaimed the enraptured spectator. The sun was rising to animate each picturesque beauty, but the heat was great; “Let us descend the mountain,” said Lord Edwin, “I am very thirsty, and perhaps at those distant cottages I could procure a draught of milk.” “Aye plenty, your honor,” replied the guide, “if you will condescend to accept some at the cottage of Reuben and Geraldine Desmoulines, where  
the

the sweet girls will be up, and can supply your honor with an excellent breakfast, for I am always welcome as a prince, and any company I conduct are shewn the greatest respect." "Proceed," said Lord Edwin, "my curiosity may possibly be yet more gratified."

Slowly they descended a winding path 'till they reached the valley, and here they again rested. On every side the towering Glaciers reared their snow-crowned heads in a thousand fantastic forms, and proudly contrasted their admirable superiority of magnificence with the fertilized mountains beneath, while scattered on their summit and various tracks of the acclivity in irregular romantic shelterings of the steep peeped the white cottages of the peasants; in short, no situation could exhibit a scene more diversified and pleasing; here the eye wandered from one beauty to another more enchanting, and when it seemed to have discovered some still more superior view, the slightest glance presented another

another if possible more inviting and wonderful, apparently raised by the power of magic to captivate the astonished beholder.

The shining bee stole from her hive, and murmuring through the air was busily extracting from the bloom her liquid sweet; two or three hovels only situate in perilous apertures of the mountain, had suffered devastation by the falling of the snow from the tremendous heights, where a coagulated mass had lately been driven by the winds, bearing in its passage mouldering fragments of rock, whose inevitable direction had crushed and partly smothered the desolated roofs. Lord Edwin shuddered, yet the spectacle was truly grand, for part of the mass had fallen in different directions, some on the edge of the steep, some in the meandering rivulet, and part rested on the rustic one-railed bridge that crossed the stream, from whose uncooth structure suspended innumerable icicles of the most curious form; the aerial choristers were warbling their oraisons, and the inhabitants

bitants of the vale seemed the only undelighted enjoyers of the scene, because to them it exhibited no novelty, consequently but little allurements; the eye of the stranger alone beheld it with admiration, and the heart of sensibility could alone feel the exquisite sensations of delight its contemplation inspired.

By the most inviting paths, bordered with flowers, strewn by the hand of nature, they at length arrived at the cottage; nothing could be more centrally situated to command the surrounding beauties of this magic spot: The door was open, and a charming girl had just entered with a lap full of flowers to deck her burnished casement, whose chequered pane glowed with the refulgence of the rising sun.

“Ah! Madelon,” said the guide, “is dame Giraldine up? Can you furnish his honor with a cup of milk, an oat cake, or a glass of your excellent mead?” Madelon dropped a courtesy, and blushing more beautiful

tiful than the roses she held in her hand, modestly entreated Lord Edwin to walk in and accept their humble fare. Not at all displeased at his guide's perspicuity in whispering that Madelon was a pretty girl, he contemplated, as he walked by her side, the sweet simplicity of her regular features, which though they could not be deemed handsome yet an indiscrivable something in her modest smile told you her bosom was the recess of tranquillity, the mansion of peace.

She then led him to a neat apartment, where a second female was merrily turning the spinning wheel, and sweetly singing some rural ballad, but the moment Lord Edwin entered the song ceased, and the wheel was stopped, while the enchanting countenance of the industrious peasant presenting him her chair with a graceful curtsy, made him start with astonishment, her straw hat, which hung on the back of it was instantly tied on, and modestly intended to shade the deranged plaits of a neat lawn cap, which confined part of  
her



her luxuriant light tresses, while a few straggling ringlets played on her lovely face; her sparkling blue eyes beamed the very soul of sensibility through the shades of the finest dark eye lashes, that resembled fringe of the most beautiful gloss and texture, and the exquisitely traced arches of the same colour, penciled by the hand of nature, added a still superior elegance to her features; her dress was simple yet the very model of neatness, and while Lord Edwin gazed with rapture, his fancy compared her to a flower of exquisite beauty and delicacy, reared in an uncultivated soil by the hand of providence, blooming in the shades of obscurity.

Entranced by the delightful contemplation, he was roused from his reverie by the voice of his guide, addressing a pretty little girl about twelve years old, who was tenderly gazing on a nest of young birds she humanely was endeavouring to feed. In tears my little Josephine, reiterated he. "What have you there, sweet cottager," asked Lord Edwin,  
peeping

peeping over her shoulder, "that causes that compassionate tear?"

"A nest of unfledged birds, your honor," replied she, wiping off the chrystal pendant on the back of her worsted mitten, "I bought them this morning of three cruel boys, who were going to torment them; I had but one florin which they gladly took, so I popped them into my apron and tying up the bundle of faggots I had been to pick up, placed them on my head, and come home pretty well loaded; but what vexes me most is they wont eat, and I can't help shedding a tear they seem so pitiful."

Well, thought Lord Edwin, what perfection shall I next discover in this enviable vale; already have I been enchanted with the beauties of nature, and the aspiring virtues of generosity and humanity have just presented themselves to complete the picture.

In

In one corner sat a pleasing looking woman about fifty, mending a net, who, with the utmost cordiality begged his honor would partake their humble breakfast; "Ruben will soon be home with the milk," said she, "and Madelon shall spread the table in a minute."

Carlos, who was lolling *Il Penseroso* over the back of his mule at the door, happened to address his master by the title of my Lord, and the ear of dame Giralaine catching the sound, she started from her seat, and whispering Rosalie, she instantly tripped up stairs and brought down an old fashioned high-backed chair, with a yellow stuff cushion. "Your Lordship," said the sweetly blushing maid, "unused to so hard a seat, will do us the honor to accept this as much easier."

Lord Edwin smiled, and to prevent apologies instantly exchanged, and drew near the table, which was expeditiously spread with grapes, hard eggs, cream cheese, a piece of honeycomb, a brown loaf, some oat cakes,  
with

with a bottle of mead and some delicate whey, the milk only was wanting to complete the *dejuné*, which was brought in a few minutes, frothed, in a large pitcher, borne by the venerable cottager, whose arrival was announced by the caresses of a little lame Chamois,\* who left his straw basket and limped out to welcome his return: 'Twas Rosalie's Chamois, she had found it almost famished and expiring with a fractured leg on the mountains about a twelvemonth since, and it had been from that time her favorite coffet, partially grateful to herself and Reuben, but scarce ever noticed the rest of the family.

Reuben, who had shrunk behind Lord Edwin's chair reluctantly, took his seat at the earnest solicitation of his noble guest, though he would much rather have kept his station in the rear. "This breakfast is to me superior to the most sumptuous treat!" said Lord Edwin, "and the pleasure of memory will often retrace, with the highest satisfaction, the delight I have experienced in the society of

\* Mountain Goat.

of this hospitable family; yes, Desmoulines, I truly envy your allotted portion of happiness."

Rosalie probably attending more to the energy of this eloquent address, and adoring the condescension of the illustrious speaker, than paying attention to what she was about, forgot the sharpness of the knife she was using, and her negligent hand slipping, the pointed steel made an incision in her left arm, from whence the blood issued fast, and Lord Edwin alarmed at the accident, hastily snatched his handkerchief from his pocket, and bound round the wound. This mark of politeness suffused a blush on the cheek of Rosalie, her heart palpitated she knew not why, and the pain had instantly vanished, since the application of the magic handkerchief, while she timidly apologized, and hoped he would give her leave to keep it 'till his return through the vale, when it should be properly washed and carefully restored."

Lord

Lord Edwin, who did not want perspicuity to discover the reality of this little stratagem, replied, he thought he should alter his route, and not pass the vale on his return. "Ah! then," replied Rosalie with faltering voice, while the rose vanished from her cheek, "we shall never see you again, and this delicate handkerchief must be washed through while you stay." Lord Edwin was now convinced of the reality of his ideas; he had observed her fine eyes earnestly fixed on his, unknowing the magic influence their lustre beamed—and gently taking her hand, "don't trouble yourself about such a trifle," said he, "keep it 'till I call again, 'tis very probable I may return in the course of a fortnight, and if the pain of your arm will permit you to enjoy a walk, you and your sisters shall be the directresses of my footsteps to explore the farther beauties of this charming elysium: Lead on then, sweet girls, and give me proof of your taste in the different views you each shall point out."

Rosalie's

Rosalie's heart leaped with delight, and the hats and mittens were on in an instant. Reuben led the way, and Madelon soon arrived at her favorite spot, which Lord Edwin acknowledged to be well worth remark and admiration. "Then you'll not approve my choice," sighed Rosalie, "for every body says its a pleasing prospect but too dull, turn on the left and descend to that rivulet." — Lord Edwin obeyed in silence, 'till his wandering steps brought him to the most beautifully romantic recess among the cliffs, art or nature could devise: From the crevices of a mountain burst an irregular cascade, spangling in its fall innumerable flowers that sprang on the craggy steep, while in various niches apparently almost impracticable to climb, rested the straggling Chamois from the excesses of the sun; but what most attracted Lord Edwin's notice was a small marble shrine, shaded by a luxuriant cypress, while a thicket of rose trees guarded it with its blooming branches, and a profusion of twining flowers encircled it on every side; on a small tablet was en-

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graved

graved the following lines, "Sacred to the memory of L. S. C. the loveliest Rose of Chamony," a small lute was tied with a black ribbon to the bough of cypress that wept over the tomb, and Reuben as he turned away dropt a tear.

"Whose shade owns this emblem of gratitude?" asked Lord Edwin. Reuben shook his head and pointing to Rosalie clasped his hands and walked slowly and pensively on. "When your Lordship honors us with another visit, time, I hope, will not be so precious as it is now, and then you shall hear the history of this valued shrine; but the day is hurrying on, and if your Lordship means to proceed 'tis time to pursue your course over the mountains, before the night draws in, as you will not find accommodation farther on. Lord Edwin repressed his curiosity, and taking his advice, returned to the cottage.

Rosalie's prolific pen frequently produced some poetic composition, and Madelon one evening



evening found her fertile imagination deeply employed in penciling down the following lines as she had taken her seat in this favorite romantic recess at the foot of the cypress, whither she had strolled to indulge her exquisitely enjoyed Pensoroso.

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## THE MATERNAL SHRINE.

Where clust'ring roses vernal sweets combine,  
To shade this consecrated marble shrine;  
When moonlight sheds her soft enamour'd beam,  
And silv'ry shadows tint the vagrant stream;  
While Philomel repeats her plaintive tale,  
Far in the mazes of the winding vale:  
'Tis then I lull the penfive hour away,  
With my lov'd lute's most fascinating lay,  
Whose soothing melody I fervent love,  
And softly press it as I lonely rove;  
For oft' beneath this drooping cypress tree  
Soft mimic echo distant answers me:

So sweetly consonant the plaintive strain  
 To wayward fancy seems to sooth my pain;  
 And when I shed the heart sprung trembling tear,  
 Some angel form methinks is hov'ring near,  
 On ærial wing benignly wafted nigh,  
 To catch and bear to heav'n the sacred sigh;  
 The ev'ning incense of my votive pray'r,  
 Oft' pour'd in secret on the desert air,  
 Where I indulge the luxury of woe,  
 'Till friendship sooths the tear and bids it cease to flow.

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Rosalie quitting the room, soon after returned with a basket which she had filled with grapes, pomegranates, and almonds. "Here, my Lord," said the lovely girl, as she entered, placing her hand on her bosom, to convince him the ejaculation came from its most sacred recess, "Here, alas! is the only tribute my gratitude can offer for your polite condescension," casting her eyes at the same instant on the handkerchief that enveloped her wounded arm,

arm, "'tis a poor recompense, to be sure, but the best our vinyard produces to refresh a thirsty traveller, and our good mother is preparing a few eggs and dried tongues, with a bottle of mead, which we hope your Lordship won't be offended at, for Mr. Carlos can fasten them on his mule."

Lord Edwin heartily thanked her, and shaking hands with the whole family, promised to call in ten days for his handkerchief, and bring little Josephine a bird for her humanity to the callow brood her last florin had purchased, and accepting a bunch of roses from Madelon he mounted his mule.

"Bless me," said Rosalie, "this basket has lost its handle, and will tire Mr. Carlos's hand to carry, but I believe I have got a string will fasten it." Saying which she drew a piece of blue ribbon from her bosom and twisting it through the plaiting lifted it up on the saddle while Lord Edwin transfixed to his seat, had observed with a sensation of pleasure this last

act of Rosalie's. "God bless you, sweet cottagers," said he, "and remember, Rosalie, not to remove the bandage too soon," then waving his hand rode off. Ah! thought Rosalie, I needed not that injunction, 'tis too soft to remove for a coarser, and I shall never, never have such an honor again. Alas! poor girl, little did thy innocent bosom suspect a deeper wound was pierced within thy heart.

From the small casement of her chamber she secretly watched the track of the mules 'till the envious mountain's obtruding steep hid the scarcely discernable objects, and closing the window with an unusual sullen reluctance, she descended to her spinning, but she did not sing; once she attempted the ballad she was warbling when Lord Edwin entered the cottage, but her voice failed and the song was never repeated.

As she sat meditating on the visit of Lord Edwin to their cottage, for which she conceived the honor totally owing to the friendship

ship

ship and favor of his guide ; gratitude to the poor but friendly muleteer inspired her pen to dedicate a few lines expressive of his occupation, as her fancy suggested the idea of his usual perilous track over the mountains, subject to the emergent haste of the evening traveller, through the rigours of gloomy winter, or effervent heat of sultry summer.

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THE MULETEER.

When o'er the moon a misty veil,  
 Obscures her pallid sylvan light,  
 When howling winds burst o'er the dale,  
 And no bright eve-star lends its light ;  
 Then o'er the cliff's impending brow  
 Our lowly muleteer must go.

His twinkling lamp he cautious bears,  
 To guide him from the chafms deep ;  
 And oft' the rushing cataract bears,  
 When every eye is seal'd in sleep ;

For drear the hour through hail or snow,  
Alas! the muleteer must go.

Joyous he views the rising dawn

Break from the thick-rob'd shades of night;  
With fluid gold the blushing morn  
Sheds her soft ambient beam of light;  
O'er craggy steep's ascending flow,  
Our blithsome muleteer must go.

The early songstress sweet reclines

Upon her mate's soft plumag'd breast,  
And warbling 'midst the waving pines,  
She courts the traveller to rest;  
For oft' as her sweet numbers flow,  
The muleteer forgets to go.

Yet, tho' severe, the toil he braves,

At midnight shelter'd in some cot,  
He heeds not how the tempest raves,  
And all his hardships are forgot;  
When mountain grapes, and mountain cheer,  
Refresh the weary muleteer.

Then

Then traveller his care repay,  
And let him turn his ragged mule,  
Back to his hovel bend his way,  
From fervid heats to shades more cool;  
For thus your bounty through the year  
Supports the humble muleteer.

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C H A P. III.  
  

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IT was the tenth evening, as Lord Edwin promised, when he returned to Chamouny; Rosalie and Madelon had strolled to the top of the mountain to discover if the traveller approached; their best grey stuff jackets had been neatly put on, and their clean lawn caps were fastened with primrose top-knots, each took their spindles and seated themselves on the summit of the steep, to watch his arrival; the shades of evening veiled the fading landscape, and the moon was rising in faint silvery gleam. Rosalie grew  
restless,



restless, she tangled the flax, threw the spindle aside, took it up again, and again the flax broke: her patience was every way exhausted, and once more 'ere she returned to the cottage, she climbed an impending part of the mountain, and with earnest and outstretched eyes, she at a great distance descried the mules slowly pacing the winding track; instantly the blood forsook her cheek—returned—fled—and returned again. Madelon observed her agitation with the deepest regret, and carefully concealed her thoughts, determined however to mark the reception on all sides, and Lord Edwin soon after gained the summit. “How are my sweet girls?” said he, extending a hand to each, “I have a trifle for Madelon, a charming bird for Josephine, and a lute for Rosalie, who, I am informed, plays delightfully.” Rosalie thanked him more eloquently with her eyes than her lips, and they descended to the vale.

Impatient to impart the pleasing news,  
Rosalie tripped quickly on to apprise Giral-

dine, while Lord Edwin chatted with Madelon, and passing a withered rose-tree, "Bless me," said he, "how the roses have faded in Chamouny, and even the cheeks of Rosalie have lost their usual bloom since I last saw them. "Ah!" replied Madelon, "they have drooped indeed, but I still entertain a hope, *some* of them may revive."

The peculiar emphasis rested on the word *some*, accompanied by an arch look and a half smile, did not escape Lord Edwin, and he would have asked an explanation had not Rosalie and Josephine at that moment joined them.

"Where are your little birds?" asked he, tapping the rosy cheeks of Josephine. "Oh, all dead, my Lord," answered she, shaking her head, "they did not live two days after you left us; poor Rosalie's arm was so painful she could not spin, so I was obliged to help her, and perhaps neglected them."

"Never

“Never mind,” replied Lord Edwin, “Carlos has a sweet bird for you.” At that moment the faithful domestic entered with the portmanteau and bird; Josephine eagerly examined its beauty, but wished it had been a parroquet, that she might have taught it the name of the generous doner. “Do you sing?” asked Lord Edwin. Josephine again shook her head; “Ask Rosalie, my Lord, she’s our sweetest nightingale, though she has not sung a song this week past.” Lovely innocent, thought Lord Edwin, how sweetly hast thou revealed the ill secreted thorn that rankles in the bosom of thy charming sister.

Supper was served by Madelon soon after, and Lord Edwin entreated to stay and accept a spare bed they sometimes accommodated travellers with, while Carlos was provided with another at a neighbouring cottage.

The blushing tints of rosy morning scarcely dawned when Lord Edwin was awakened by the plaintive melody of Rosalie’s lute under

his window, and rising he peeped through his casement; she had taken her seat in a little arbor which half concealed her by the profusion of roses that depended from the rural lattice, while the expressive beauty of her countenance depicted her to the eye of fancy the most perfect semblance of the queen of love reposing in her paphian bower. She had fastened the lute to a violet ribbon which hung at her side, and when she had finished her plaintive air, gently let it fall to its appropriate situation, and remained some moments in a deep reverie, 'till the approach of Josephine with a fine basket of peaches roused her from the attitude of contemplation.

Some few words, uttered in a low key escaped the attentive ear of Lord Edwin, but as they entered the house he plainly distinguished the voice of Rosalie, utter the following words.

“Don't touch them, Josephine, 'till his Lordship comes down, I dare say he likes peaches,

peaches, and at least we can give him our share; 'twas lucky Lindor should send them, step up and listen if his Lordship is stirring, while I gather a few blossoms to ornament the parlour."

The voice was then silent, and Lord Edwin drawing aside the little muslin curtain that had cautiously concealed him, finished his dress, when casting his eyes round to admire the neatness of his apartment, he observed a miniature suspended on a small hook by a piece of black ribbon much worn. Curiosity was on the wing, he approached, and taking it in his hand, strictly examined it. "Whose could it be," it was rather improbable it should belong to any of the family, and he had never yet seen any one in this cottage whom it resembled, certain he was if it proved a real copy, the original must be a most beautiful woman, and the robe she wore, added to the band of pearls which confined part of her flowing tresses, bespoke her at least a person of dignity; in short, it was

a mystery his penetration could not unfold; he hung it up and viewing it at a distance, fancied he could trace the bewitching smile of Rosalie, yet the idea seemed so absurd he instantly altered his opinion, when a transient thought recalled to his memory the promised explanation of the little shrine he had visited in the recess of the mountain, and half convinced him this miniature tended to elucidate his surmise, and he descended the stairs with a full determination of claiming Reuben's promise.

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CHAP.

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## CHAP. IV.

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**C**ICELY, the notable girl who performed the drudgery of the family, smoothed her clean yarn apron, and dropping a very low curtsy, ushered him into the little parlour, where the breakfast awaited his descent. The family were all assembled and each hoped he had rested well. "Perfectly so," answered Lord Edwin, "if the nightingales in this part of the world did but lull one to sleep by their evening song, instead of chanting so merrily of a morning."

Rosalie's cheek instantly felt the force of his address, Madelon smiled, and Giralaine  
nodded

nodded at Rosalie, expressive of her condemnation, in having disturbed the slumberer.

“I hope your Lordship will excuse it,” said the worthy Ruben, “Rosalie would deem herself ungrateful not to delight in her new present, the charming proof of condescension and politeness in so illustrious a stranger as your Lordship, ’tis an early hour I presume with your honor, but for us peasants ’tis almost noon day.”

“True,” replied Lord Edwin, “but it was not sleep occasioned my absence, for in fact I have been this half hour contemplating an elegant miniature up stairs, and if it would not be deemed impertinent, I should like to know whose resemblance it was.”

Madelon looked earnestly at her mother, while Rosalie’s cheek turned pale, and a starting tear irradiated her eye; every one was silent but the innocent and loquacious Josephine, who, clasping her hands, and gazing  
tenderly



tenderly on Rosalie, cried, "Oh! my Lord, don't you think it very like our sweet Rosalie, why its her own dear mamma's picture."

Confusion and surprise prevented Lord Edwin's reply, and as no one appeared able or willing to contradict the assertion, he was pretty well convinced of the reality of the story. At length recovering the power of articulation, he ventured to inquire a few particulars, and Josephine being silenced, Giraline proceeded to relate the narrative of Rosalie, "who, she said, was born in that cottage about seventeen years since, that M. Tourville, their noble landlord, one evening, at a late hour, brought a most beautiful lady wrapped in a close veil, in a chaise and four, that a gentleman accompanied them, and an elderly servant on horseback. M. Tourville told her the Lady was a widow in very unhappy circumstances, and near her time, earnestly begging Giraline to undertake the charge of the infant, if it lived, and also be  
faithful

faithful and diligent to the lady, for whose board she should receive an ample compensation, as her health was in a very precarious state, and she wished to live recluse.

Giraldine added, the lady appeared almost distracted at parting with her companions, and as the carriage drove off she heard the servant ask the postillions if the Marquis meant to cross the mountain with guides and lamps, or if he staid in the vale 'till morning; but they replying they had orders to proceed, drove on; by this she conceived her lovely inmate was some person of consequence in disguise, and did not doubt but one day this strange adventure would be cleared up; that she passed by the name of Madam Lavinia de St. Clair, and was brought to bed of the charming daughter he now beheld, to whom the enraptured parent gave the name of Rosalie; but, alas! continued the worthy Giraldine, the dear affable lady was never cheerful, and a visible and hasty decline soon succeeded.

M.

M. Tourville come often to see her, and at his earnest entreaty she was removed to Montpellier for change of air: Ah! never shall I forget our parting; the sweet babe was left, drowned in tears, to my care, for I could not leave my family, and as she took a last kiss, she tied that miniature round the bosom of the infant, "take care of it Giraldine, for my child," said she, "it may one day be useful, I need not say it is the faithful resemblance of her wretched mother," she was then helped into the chaise, and drove off in an agony of grief.

Since that time our sweet charge has never left us. M. Tourville constantly visited us twice a year, and would take the greatest delight in seeing Miss Rosalie grow up so handsome, books of all sorts were brought by him for her instruction, but she was never suffered to visit him at Paris: Poor dear Madam de St. Clair, alas! lived but three weeks after her arrival at Montpellier, leaving her sweet infant to the guardianship of

M.

M. Tourville and the gentleman who brought her first here, but being a very great personage, he never condescends to pay us a visit, but sends his old steward once a year with a handsome salary for her board, and it is now near three months since we have received news of M. Tourville, who we fear is ill.

“God avert such a misfortune!” exclaimed Rosalie, “It is much about the time our annual visitor arrives, Oh, methinks I long to see good Mr. Montague.”

“Montague,” cried Lord Edwin, “pray what sort of a man may he be, is his hair remarkably white, and has he a small red mark on the left cheek?”

“Yes, that he has,” answered Josephine, “and I often look at it as I sit on his knee.”

“And does he not live with the Marquis of Sevigné?” asked Lord Edwin, with apparent agitation.

“ Oh, I don't know,” replied Rosalie, “ he tells us he is bound to secrecy, and we must not ask, but he hopes one day to convey me to England in all the splendor I deserve, and frequently he sheds tears as he sits gazing on me; in vain have I conjured him on my knees to reveal my hapless tale, but he always evades my request, and while my pension is constantly remitted I am happy in the protection of my adopted parent, who has faithfully and tenderly guarded my helpless infancy, and sorrowful will be the day if I should ever leave them; but 'tis strange, my Lord, you should know Mr. Montague, I wish he may come to-morrow for he is expected this week.”

“ I wish he may,” replied Lord Edwin much embarrassed, “ and I will prolong my stay a day or two in consequence; for should he prove to be the person I suspect, it may be in my power to render myself serviceable to you; but tell me, sweet girl, how that  
miniature

miniature came to be left in a stranger's chamber, suppose they had purloined it?"

"Oh lack-a-day," answered Giralaine, "we have no thieves in Chamouny, and 'tis hard to suspect; but you must know, my Lord, that chamber is our dear young lady's, but she is so affable and kind that she frequently sleeps with Madelon, to accommodate strangers whom the guide often calls with, to taste my mead; for though we are private cottagers we are always happy to oblige any traveller who will honor us with their company."

"You are very good and bountiful," said Lord Edwin, "and I must now claim my friend Ruben's promise relative to the little shrine, although I can partly guess to whose memory it is consecrated."

"Then doubtless your Lordship can suppose it no other than Madame St. Clair's, and so it is: You must know, the dear lady

used frequently to stroll to that spot, which she called the *Recess of Solitude*, and there would she pass whole days in reading and weeping, so soon after she died I erected that tomb, and as all our neighbours used to adore the very path she trod, and admire her beauty, I thought it would be no offence to stile her the sweetest *Rose of Chamouny*, and such is the inscription you have read: This romantic place you may be sure is dear to us all, for every eye in the vale has shed its grateful tears there; and our lovely charge too often indulges melancholy at the foot of that cypress, when she can steal out alone."

"And could you never learn the family or connexions of *Madame St. Clair*?" said Lord Edwin.

"No, your honor, we never dare ask *M. Tourville*, he was always so secret, and *Madame* never dropped the least hint; and sure it could be no business of ours, for as we  
could

could not relieve her sorrows, why should we ever seek to know them?"

Rosalie sighed, and a responsive one echoed from the bosom of Lord Edwin: "I have caught the infection of your low spirits, sweet girl," said he, "do fetch your lute and enliven us with some of your favorite melody."

Rosalie obeyed, and Lord Edwin taught her a beautiful air, of which he was passionately fond, and which the admirable taste of Rosalie seemed to improve.

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 CHAP. V.
 

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**M**OST part of the day was past in viewing the beauties of the vale, and when the gold-empurpled ray of evening shed its parting gleam upon the mountains, a poor blind youth from a neighbouring hamlet playing on a fantastic pipe and tabor soon summoned the cottagers to a little lawn, where a rustic ballet was formed, to the great amusement of Lord Edwin, who seated on a distant bench, enjoyed the innocent delight that manifested itself in each smiling countenance, and when the piper and the villagers retired, the family turned into their cot-

tage to partake of their simple supper which Giralbine had prepared, and at an early hour they sought the soothing insensibility of tranquil slumber sacred to the soul of peace.

The night was majestically beautiful, a solemn silence prevailed—Lord Edwin gently opened his casement, silvered by the moon, which exactly beamed on the miniature; a rustling gale agitated the poplars, and gently waved the dew-weighed heads of the full blown roses that encircled the chequered pane, and the perfume they exhaled was exquisite. Sleep's magic fillet could not veil his eye, Montague was hourly expected, Montague, the steward of his father! 'Twas strange! 'twas mysterious! He knew Montague constantly visited Italy every summer, but he always understood his own private affairs demanded his attendance; his father too had been very circumspect in his conduct, for he had never heard the most distant hint that could awaken suspicion, he would therefore wait the event of Montague's arrival;  
and

and with such reflection he closed his window, and retired to his cleanly coarse pillow 'till the voice of Rosalie and the trampling of mules under his window awakened him from his disturbed and irregular slumbers.

He was not long dressing for the voice of Montague maddened his impatience, and faltering yet resolute he descended to the parlour, where the good old man had seated Josephine on his knee, and was answering her quick-repeated questions concerning a favorite lap-dog she had given him last year, when the voice of Lord Edwin complimenting him jocularly on his safe arrival at the cottage, petrified him to his chair. "You are a man of taste, Montague," cried he, "to prefer the hospitable reception of these worthy peasants in preference to any accommodation you could receive in the vale of Chamouny; Giraldine's cream cheeses suit your palate, Rosalie's grapes are more luscious than any vinyard here produces, and the dried tongues and oat cakes of Madelon's prepa-

ring, are a most inviting bon bouche to refresh a fatigued traveller, hobbling over uncooth mountains purely through kindness to his relations."

A sarcastic smile accompanied these last words, and Montague abashed and confounded, felt their full force on his cheek, where the flush of conscious duplicity indicated the explicit truth, as he faintly acknowledged that he frequently called as he passed.

"Nay," replied Lord Edwin, "spare those lips the disgrace of a falsehood, we all know the extent of your travels, never exceeds the boundery of this vale, I am also acquainted with the motives of your embassy, therefore be candid, you need not fear reproof when acting on the principles of honesty and benevolence; but you and I must have some private conversation on the subject, for depend on it I shall revert to facts, such as have long been entrusted to your secrecy, and expect an impartial and faithful account of this mysterious

mysterious conduct, you know the irritability of my temper, and your ready compliance with my wish will alone prove the sincerity of the attachment you have ever professed for me.

CHAP. VI.

LORD EDWIN then left the room with a countenance expressive of unusual concern, and took as the faithful Montague during a service of twenty-five years had never been attended with the various forms of anger; for his young lord he would readily have braved every danger, but to betray the confidence reposed in him by the Marquis, after being so trustily engaged to secrecy,

D 3 CHAP.

point of honor he could not reconcile himself to give up, and he conceived himself plunged in an inextricable labyrinth, yet as Lord Edwin had discovered the charming

## CHAP. VI.

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**L**ORD EDWIN then left the room with a countenance expressive of unusual ferocity, and such as the faithful Montague during a service of twenty-five years had never seen clouded with the furious storms of anger; for his young Lord he would readily have braved every danger, but to betray the confidence reposed in him by the Marquis, after being so strictly enjoined to secrecy, was a point of honor he could not reconcile himself to give up, and he conceived himself plunged in an inextricable labyrinth, yet as Lord Edwin had discovered this charming protégée,

protegée, and seemed to be perfectly acquainted with great part of the affair, doubtless his information had been accidentally obtained from Giraline or Rosalie, consequently, on a moment's reflection, he concluded the Marquis could never reproach him for explaining the remainder, which would ever reflect honor on himself, and could be no farther prejudice to Lord Edwin; he therefore determined to disclose every circumstance within his knowledge, and leave the event to providence.

He then snatched up his hat and crossing the lawn entered the vinyard, where he beheld Lord Edwin reclining on a rustic bench, minutely examining the miniature of Madame de St. Clair. "Come hither," said he, seizing the arm of Montague with a degree of impetuous energy, "Do you know the original of this copy?" The poor old man (who knew an evasive answer would only tend to irritate Lord Edwin) replied he had seen the lady whose resemblance it bore, but

did not know who she was, or ever should."

"Why not?" asked his Lordship, "you must be more explicit; where did you first see her, and with whom?"

"With my Lord the Marquis," answered Montague, "about seventeen years since, and all I know of the transaction is, I was one evening at ten o'clock ordered to pack a small portmanteau, in consequence of a letter my Lord had just received from a private hand, which appeared to have agitated him greatly; the carriage was immediately ordered with post horses, and myself the only person permitted to attend him, and we pursued our journey to Paris as fast as carriages and vessels could carry us, but the Marquis observed a solemn silence the greatest part of the way, and when he did condescend to ask a question, 'twas fullen and snappish.

At length we arrived at an obscure inn very late in the evening, where a very elegant lady fainted on my master's shoulder, and I  
was



was ordered by a french gentleman to leave the room; in half an hour fresh horses were ordered, and the above lady and gentleman stepped into the carriage with the Marquis, and drove quickly off.

Shall I confess my curiosity was awakened and I ventured to ask Janette, the bar-maid, if she knew the parties, but she, poor girl, spoke very little English, and that in so complicated a dialect, I could not gain one particle of the desired information, for they were perfect strangers, and "Je ne sçais pas," was the prevalent answer from the Maitre d' Hotel to Le Valet d' Ecurie.

About three days after the carriage stopped one evening at this cottage, good dame Geraldine's candle would have been extinguished in another moment, (for the good folks were just undressing) when I was ordered to tap at the door, out popped the head of Reuben to inquire who disturbed them, and the voice

of M. Tourville from the carriage instantly brought him to the door.

“I know the remaining circumstances of Madame St. Clair’s story, therefore abridge that part and proceed from the Marquis’s departure.” Montague bowed and continued.

We then returned to the confines of Paris, where we left M. Tourville and made the best of our way to England, where about five weeks after the Marquis’s sister, who was a nun in some convent, died, and the next post brought account of the death of Madame St. Clair. Ah! I shall never forget being called into the Marquis’s chamber; Montague, said he, poor Madame St. Clair has paid the debt of nature, after giving birth to a lovely daughter; I trust you have never revealed the circumstances of our tour, or her departure from Paris, after the secrecy I enjoined you to observe; you, and you only, are acquainted with the business, swear you will never divulge

the confidence I am going to repose in your bosom, as it is of the utmost importance to be concealed at present; to your hands then I shall remit proper sums for the maintenance of this infant, to whom I am left guardian, you shall convey it every summer, and bring me proper information how she is, and when it is in my power to bring her to England I shall feel myself happy in having her under my more immediate care, which at present her infant state prevents me.

Such was the promise I engaged to fulfil, and as M. Tourville is very lately dead, I am deputed to convey Miss Rosalie to the castle and from thence to Thornley Abbey."

"To the solitudes of Thornley," cried Lord Edwin, "is my father going to immure this blossom, amidst the rest of his secluded sweets, buried in oblivion there?"

"Why she was to have staid at the castle, but when I told the Marquis how handsome she was, he instantly altered his mind."

"She goes to Thornley then," said he, "till the departure of Edwin, for should he see her with the same partial eyes you do, I know not the consequence, and then the measure of my uneasiness would be complete."

"A charming plan," replied Lord Edwin, "but some deep mystery remains, which I will endeavour to elucidate: Charming Rosalie! if she loves like me, no power on earth shall separate us; take her to England, I will follow every stage in disguise, to protect her, and by the time she has inhabited the antique abbey about a week, I shall make my formal entré, by popping in upon Lady Mentoria and her fair companion, in the midst of their dinner, when least expected."

"Mercy defend me," exclaimed Montague, "is it possible my Lord will risk the Marquis's eternal displeasure, by fixing his affection almost instantaneously on the very object

object his caution would conceal and utmost vigilance separate?"

"Every remonstrance is vain," replied Lord Edwin, rising hastily from his seat, "I am going in search of Rosalie, and in the mean time do you inform Giral dine." He then turned into the cottage, and found Rosalie at her busy wheel. "Lay your spinning aside," said he, "we must have a few moments conversation: You are going to England, charming Rosalie, with Montague, in two days, he has brought a letter expressive of the Marquis's commands, and you must obey them. Rosalie involuntarily laid her hand on his arm, "Oh, my Lord, how shall I reconcile myself to leave this peaceful home, these dear-loved protectors of my infancy," and a tear trembled in her eye. "Make yourself happy," replied Lord Edwin, "I will conduct you, sweet innocent, my arm shall guard you safe from every danger to the shores of England."

"Ah

“Ah no, my Lord, you jest but with my sorrow, how is it possible?” cried she, clasping her hands, “at any rate, I am most probably going to be stationed in some menial capacity in the Marquis’s family, for an orphan dependant on his bounty can expect little else, my gratitude then shall lead me to obey with cheerfulness the commands of my benefactor; but the task of parting will I fear much grieve poor Geraldine, she is old, and I shall never perhaps see her more.”

Lord Edwin now found it necessary to explain the mystery, by declaring himself the son of the Marquis, avowing his ardent love for her, and declaring she alone should ever share his happiness. “Why then so reluctant, sweet girl, more pleasing prospects shall unveil to your view, and the sunshine of prosperity shall shed its ray and renovate my beauteous blossom though transplanted from its native soil,” and he kissed the tear that fell upon her hand.

Rosalie

Rosalie appeared much agitated: "Alas! that I am every way unworthy the honor your Lordship has conferred," said she, "I am perfectly convinced, retract then your vow, my Lord, and view only with the eyes of beneficent friendship the ill-fated cottager of Chamouny; ah! why was I doomed to be the sport of capricious fate, or create one moment's uneasiness to one whose superiority prevents my retaliation of affection, without incurring the censure such presumption would merit, and dared this erring heart reproach providence, 'twould murmur that relentless fate should have instigated your visit to this peaceful vale, where you will have plucked from us the blooming rose of happiness, and left us only the thorns of regret. If I solicit to remain with this happy family, I fear I shall never enjoy the peace I once knew, for a continual dread of having offended my benefactor, and the idea of ingratitude to your Lordship would break my heart, yet persist not in accompanying me to the Abbey, after  
the

the strict injunctions the Marquis has enjoined Montague."

"Say not a word," replied Lord Edwin, "my plan is formed, and I am determined to execute it; go to Giraldine, who is apprised of your departure, take only one dress with you, for Montague has orders to furnish you with a genteel habiliment as soon as you arrive in England, and remember when we meet at the Abbey necessity will compel us to be strangers 'till the mystery of your parentage can be explained."

Thus ended the discourse, and Rosalie promising to observe discretion on her part, rushed to her chamber and threw herself across the bed, her bosom agitated by the contesting passions of love, gratitude, hope, and obedience; but time was swiftly passing, her stay would be short, and she determined dividing her cloaths equally between Madelon and Josephine, and she was going down in search of them when the miniature caught her

her



her attention, she took it down, and fastening it to her bosom, earnestly examined every feature. "Would to heaven thou couldst speak," sighed she, "I should then be acquainted with my destiny; miserable girl that I am thus to be ignorant of every circumstance relative to my family."

Again she would have indulged a moment's reflection, if the foot of Madelon had not roused her reverie; she opened the door, Madelon was in tears; she kissed the cheek of Rosalie, and wept on her shoulder:—"Thursday," sobbed she, "we lose our dear sister."

Rosalie endeavoured to pacify her assuring her, she would write as often as possible, for Montague had promised her a conveyance at least four times a year. "Ah! that will be poor consolation to me," replied Madelon, "but we must submit."

What

What a mixture of pain did these charming girls struggle to suppress, 'twas the real sorrow of separation. To Madelon and Josephine her cloaths were equally divided, a straggling ringlet was purloined by each as the treasured relic of a dear loved friend, a valued sister, her lute only was reserved to take to England, for that was too valuable to be parted with even to Madelon: Every thing being settled for their departure it was agreed Lord Edwin should proceed with the travellers the whole way, and as he spoke the Italian to perfection, and Rosalie also, he conceived passing by the title of Signior Carlini and sister, he should elude all suspicion during their tour; he meant also to procure a veil at the first convenient situation, which Rosalie should keep closely drawn, and never take off, which being almost a usual custom in that country, would by no means appear a singularity.

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 CHAP. VII.
 

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**T**HE supper was prepared on the second evening, and the family assembled:—Giraldine sat gazing, on vacancy jogging her foot, and lost in thought; Reuben drew the cork of a choice bottle, the produce of his well-cultured vinyard, to revive their drooping spirits, but it would not do—no one's appetite served.

Madelon's hand rested on the shoulder of Rosalie, who was caressing with plaintive adieu the little Chamois, that rested in her lap, unconscious of the loss he too was going  
to

to sustain. Josephine, the innocent sprightly Josephine, was earnestly entreating to accompany them about three miles over the mountains, but as the guide could not return with her, and Madelon was obliged to stay and console her mother; a prudent observation of Lord Edwin's, not to experience a second parting scene, repelled the wish, and it was no more repeated.

Montague to hide his feelings, and prevent joining in conversation, had taken his solitary seat at the door: The prattle of Josephine no longer enlivened him: Rosalie's spinning wheel ceased to turn: Madelon's little garden had not received its evening visitor's refreshing care, to renovate and tie up the drooping plants, and Giralдинe's basket of knitting hung neglected on the branch of a rose-tree that encircled the casement.

Carlos musing on the thoughts of his separation from Marcella, in like manner was no very lively companion to Montague; as he

he was pensively lolling over the gate of the vineyard, contemplating the arrival of a group of peasantry, who were advancing in procession, but not one smile beamed on their countenance. They were come to take leave of Rosalie, each had brought some little pledge of esteem: A curious osier basket, a purse, a pair of mittens, a silk net for her hair, a variegated pincushion, a curious jar of the choicest honey, a few pomegranates, with various other trifles according to the age and distinction of the doner.

Lord Edwin was enraptured to behold the unfeigned tear of real sincerity that dimmed the bright eyes of the female peasants for his beloved Rosalie—they chatted about half an hour and then took an affectionate farewell.

“The dust,” said Carlos, as he watched their departure, “won’t be very troublesome to-morrow, Montague, for methinks the plentiful showers that have fallen from the eyes of these faithful affectionate peasants will

will abate the inconvenience of our being blinded by it should the wind even rise, 'tis the first time, Montague, you or I ever witnessed such a scene, but as my Lord justly observes, this Vale abounds with rarities."

"A similar shower may perhaps lave the stinty roads of Savoy," replied Montague, "ere Carlos returns to England, and recounts the drops that fell in Chamouny."

The chord of sympathy was touched, and its vibration was strong and severe. "Montague's raillery might amuse and cheer our hospitable friends within," answered Carlos, "suppose we see if we can render ourselves serviceable?"

Montague assented, and they turned into the cottage where Rosalie was packing her presents in a small portmanteau, which, with a basket of refreshment, was to be fastened on Carlos's mule. Again and again they took leave

leave, and retired to rest, for the mules were to be saddled by six o'clock.

Sleep's magic fillet steeped in poppied essence, for the first time lost its power over the whole family. Not a soul closed their eyes, Reuben and Geraldine talked the tedious night away; Madelon and Josephine steeped their pillows in a briny bath, while Rosalie pretended sleep to prevent encouraging the painful ideas of separation, and Lord Edwin alone had retired with a light heart enraptured to have discovered the mine that concealed so inestimable a jewel, whose brilliancy would dazzle every beholder, when polished by emulation, and who would not envy him its possession.

They were all up by five, and again the parting tear fringed with gems the downcast eyelids. The morning was serenely beautiful, and Rosalie as her dejected eyes wandered, for the last time, over the picturesque beauties that bounded her view, secretly thought

thought the Vale of Chamouny had never before looked so beautiful: A small purse of Louis presented by Lord Edwin to Madelon and Josephine, and a liberal compliment from the Marquis by the hands of Montague, amply satisfied the careful guardians of this lovely protégée; a short adieu was all Lord Edwin could permit, and the handkerchiefs of Madelon and Josephine were just discovered to wave in the breeze as Rosalie took a last look from the summit of the mountain.



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**CHAP. VIII.**

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**A**FTER the departure of Lord Edwin from the Castle, the Marquis, as was his usual custom, retired to his library—'twas much about the time Montague paid his annual visit to Chamouny, and a certain presentiment, instilled by apprehension, darted across his imagination. "Gone to France, and means to pass through Italy," exclaimed he as he shut the door, "Ah! heaven avert he should discover the concealment of Rosalie, but surely Edwin's disposition is not so romantic to search the obscure cottage to gratify his taste: No, no, the gallant and noble

VOL. I. E ancestry

ancestry of his father will prevent my son from falling into the errors of commonality."

The Marquis's pride, which was ever his predominant characteristic, now reigned in full force, and ringing his bell with a degree of violence, he ordered Montague to attend. The faithful steward obeyed the summons: He was the chosen regulator of the Marquis's plans, and had lived in the family twenty-five years, he was now in his fifty-seventh year, beloved and respected by every one in the family, and gratitude and obedience to his superiors, gentleness and courtesy to his fellow servants had gained him the esteem he so justly merited; the most implicit confidence sealed his lip where necessity required, and the most noble sentiments of liberality and compassion flowed from the dictates of his honest heart; he was still active and diligent, though he was stealing through the autumnal vale of life to the winter of a happy old age.

"Shut

“Shut the door,” said the Marquis, “and sit down.” Montague obeyed in silence.—

“My son is gone to Paris,” resumed he, “and as it is near the time of your annual trip, I would have you instantly set off, I have a strange presage he should meet with Rosalie: 'Tis time, she should be brought to England, and as I am now her sole guardian, I shall place her at Thornley under the inspection of Lady Mentoria Edwin, he will by that means never see her before his return from Italy, and by that time she will perhaps be disposed of, for you alarmed me when you said she exceeded your expectation in person, and manners, and that such was the general opinion of every body, and if Edwin should discover her in his tour through those mountains, who can tell the consequence.”

“Good my Lord,” cried Montague smiling, “don't raise imaginary evils, for should Lord Edwin meet with her, who is to un-

ravel the mystery known now only to God and yourself?"

"Why true," answered the Marquis, "I did not reflect on that improbability; however, as the poor girl will be expecting you, set off on Thursday, Edwin cannot reach that part of the world this fortnight, as he goes to Paris and makes some stay: Here," continued he, opening his escrutore, "is a sufficient sum to defray all expences."

"I wish," said Montague, "the sweet lady, her mother was alive." The Marquis's colour mantled on his cheek, and he fetched a deep sigh. "I can assure you," resumed Montague, "Miss Rosalie is far handsomer than her mother's picture." "Her mother's picture!" cried the Marquis, "how for God's sake should she come by it?" "Why Madam gave it to Giraldine for the child when she went to Montpelier." "I charge you, then," said the Marquis, "the moment you arrive, to demand it in my name, seal it instantly

stantly, and restore it safe and unseen by mortal eye to my hand; go, Montague, strictly obey this injunction, and return soon as possible." He promised to observe his directions, bowed, and withdrew.

The Marquis remained some time ruminating, and then entered the breakfast parlour, where Lady Adela and Lady Louisa were winding some cotton for their tambour, very much tangled: The Marquis smiled at their perplexity, "I am much in your situation, my dear girls," said he, "for I am about to unravel a delicate skein, mysteriously tangled."

Lady Louisa let fall her hand to listen to the Marquis's strange address, and the winding ceased. "What ænigma have you to puzzle us with, dear Sir," answered her lively Ladyship, "do give us the most easy clue to discover it, for really our patience is almost exhausted, with this troublesome skein."

“The mystery I am going to unfold, my children, is not yet arrived at the proper crisis of explanation, nor must you require it 'till time and opportunity permit me to disclose the important secret.”

“The lovely sisters involuntarily looked at each other in amaze, Adela then pensively cast her eyes on the ground, and waited the procedure, while Lady Louisa more susceptible, caught his hand, and fixing her fine eyes on his averted countenance, cried, “Pray dear Sir, relieve our suspense.”

Expectation was on the wing, 'twas the moment of explanation, as the veil of secrecy gently developed the mystery long consigned to the recess of faithful silence, a moment elapsed, and the Marquis continued.

“I am going to introduce to your favor and protection a delicate plant, reared in an uncultivated soil, though sprung from a rich and fertile stem, which torn by the ruthless  
and

and capricious winds of fate, withered, drooped and died, leaving to the more favorable breeze of heaven the nurture of its sole-surviving blossom; the soil of Italy was destined to rear this desolated flower, and now luxuriance and perfection mark the opening beauties of this tender vale-nursed lily, I shall transplant it with assiduous care to the protection of my amiable daughters, cherished by their fostering hand, it will, I trust, repay, with grateful blossom, their watchful attention: Such is the plant I wish them to preserve, if fame with partial praise has not deceived me. Montague is commissioned to convey it safe to England, and if you find Rusticity has veiled one charm, prune with discretion the impeding leaf, while as its rising beauty witnesses improvement, a father's ardent love shall be the fond requital of your care."

He ceased, and the starting tear that glistened in his eye reflected back the chrytal pendant that imperaled the cheeks of his at-

tentive auditors, but Lady Louisa's dimpled smile banished the tear, 'twas the incense of exquisite sensibility from hearts whose monitor was humanity.

“I perfectly understand you, my dear Sir,” said she, “and conceive the plant you have so sweetly and interestedly described, partakes the sensitive nature, if so, when committed to the charge of Adela and myself, it shall at least be exempt from the rude pressure of derisive insensibles, whose unfeeling curiosity might be tempted to censure, where compassion should predominate.”

“And after the inviolate secrecy which seals our father's lip,” replied Lady Adela, “his daughters will ever prove themselves worthy the confidence reposed in them, by never seeking to explore the secret unpermitted, 'tis sufficient to us the lovely protégée is countenanced by a parent, who has ever evinced himself the faithful friend of the unfortunate.”

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The Marquis pressed them to his bosom, and, relying on their discretion, informed them he was guardian to the lovely orphan, that a genteel fortune was left in his hands for her maintenance, and that he wished every affection to be shewn her as the relic of a friend dearly revered, but to whom he had sworn never to reveal her birth or connexions 'till a convenient opportunity; he then wished them good morning and withdrew.

His horse was soon after ordered, and he bowed to them as he crossed the lawn. — The charming sisters, left to their own reflection on this interesting subject, formed a thousand conjectures; Lady Adela wondered what friend's child it could be whose concerns required such strict secrecy. "I long to see her," said Lady Louisa; "I should like to know if she is handsome," continued she, adjusting her beautiful tresses through the folds of her muslin turban, while a spark of envy darted through her bosom at the

idea of a rival, though her natural sweetness of temper would have forgiven such a superiority, even to her most inveterate enemy, yet the suggestion was very apt in the bosom of a young female.

Sir Henry Lansdowne's elegant phaeton and four greys, at that moment crossing the lawn, caught the eye of Lady Louisa, "Good heavens!" exclaimed she, "here is Sir Henry's greys entering the gate, how shall I escape, for positively he shall not see me en dishabille, for as he is most probably your swain, and I am on my preferment, it may mar my fortune, and I should be sorry to interrupt so charming a tête-à-tête, so adieu, dear Adela. The window invitingly open to the garden was low, and Lady Louisa instantly leaped out and flew for refuge to a recess in the shrubbery.

Sir Henry enquiring for the fair fugitive, was told she was dressing; by the side of the window hung a beautiful landscape, just framed,

framed, which attracted his admiration, and he placed himself with his back to the light in order to view more accurately some beauty Lady Adela was pointing out, when turning to the window to enjoy the perfume of the geraniums that encircled it, he perceived a pale green slipper hanging on the branch of a rose bush, with a small fragment of muslin floating on the briar.

“Bless me,” cried he, “the owner of this slipper has encountered the thorns, whether in search of the rose I can’t say, but surely the fugitive, by leaving such evident traces had some particular object to pursue or elude, had both slippers remained, one might have concluded some lovely faint had commenced her pilgrimage to Lorretto from this favored spot, and left these trophies to announce her departure.”

Lady Adela’s cheek flushed crimson: To have discovered her sister’s retreat would have offended her, and yet the embarrassed

state in which she had so precipitately left her demanded it, to extricate her from the capability of raising a falsehood; Louisa's sarcasm also of Sir Henry being her lover, had so much deranged her for the moment, she scarce knew how to receive him, and to be left tête-à-tête was a double mortification, for never had the slightest partiality been visible in his conduct to Lady Adela; on the contrary, she had regarded her sister as the object of his repeated visits, and whilst those ideas crowded her imagination she scarce knew what answer to make.

“If the slipper is yours,” repeated he, “permit me to reach it.” “Oh no,” answered Lady Adela, “’tis Louisa’s, pray let it remain,” catching his sleeve as he stepped over the Duchefs. “As ’tis Lady Louisa’s,” said the delighted Landsdown, “I will venture to restore it.” Lady Adela’s vexation increased, “Pray return, Sir Henry,” cried she, “probably Sylvio may have stolen it from my sister’s dressing-room, he is very mischievous.”

mischievous." "Do you think he tore this transparent strip from her gown at the same time, if he did, he was an arch fellow to lay the blame on the thorns, and make them the apparent depredators of his ingenuity."

The fact was now too evident to be denied, and Lady Adela could only entreat him to return; "For heaven's sake, Sir Henry," cried she, flying to the door, and well knowing Louisa could not be concealed far off, by the deprivation of her slipper, "Stay, at least 'till I have inquired if Andrew has removed the steel traps."

"O, I fear them not," replied Lansdowne, bowing saucily, and perfectly seeing through this excellent stratagem of his fair suppliant, "traps of steel nor chains of iron don't prevent my discovering the retreat of this lovely fugitive, besides as I have a prettiement she has just trodden the path before me, 'tis most probable from the silence which reigns she has escaped all such danger

as your fears tend to magnify, or should she have fallen the victim of such a disaster, I will be the champion to extricate her, though a dragon guarded the shrubbery; yet don't attempt to follow 'till I have explored every avenue to ensure your safety," added he, with a sarcastic smile.

Lady Adela turned her head to conceal her too visible confusion, while Lansdowne darting through the vista, was enclosed in the mazes of the shrubbery in an instant, and Lady Adela gravely returned to her seat.

In vain he peeped through every aperture, she was not to be found; at length turning a corner into a very romantic shade, called the wilderness, he caught the glimpse of her gown darting swiftly round the trees, and turning through the first path sprung through a thicket of Seringo's and caught the end of her sash, but his buckle unfortunately entangling, his sprightly prize slipped the knot which confined the persian to her waist

waist, and leaving the trophy in his hand, reached the house before him, and flew to her dressing-room.

Lady Adela followed her with a flush of anger on her countenance; "Is your ridiculous scamper over?" said she to the breathless Louisa, who had thrown herself on a couch, "never again, sister, subject me to form frivolous excuses, and when your folly is discovered act in so childish a manner: What must Sir Henry think of your behaviour; half undressed, only one slipper, and flying without the least reason from a pursuit sure to overtake you; I have only to beg you'll adjust your dress and descend to apologize for your imprudence."

Lady Louisa, who tenderly loved her sister, felt the force of this conversation most poignantly, a reproach from Adela was a wound to her heart. "I have been guilty of a weakness," said she, "but the intention was a harmless frolic;" and as she passed the glass  
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the conviction of her error from the appearance of her robe brought an involuntary tear in her eye: Adela's admonition was kind, thought she, as she descended the stairs, and I will for the future suppress my volatile spirits.

Agitated and vexed she gently opened the door, Lady Adela nodded a smile of approbation, and Sir Henry placed her on the sofa: "Had Lady Louisa attempted her agility in running for the celebrated apple, she had surely vanquished the swift footed Atalanta, and obtained the prize."

Lady Louisa blushed: "Which of us do you think was most to blame," cried she, "me for flying you in this ridiculous race, or you for pursuing me when you must naturally suppose I had my reason for absenting myself, and I did not conceive my sister's attractions so few as not to be able to render you any amusement during my absence, and I honestly declare my flight was the whim of  
the



the moment to elude curiosity, how then could I imagine the polite Sir Henry would have intruded on my retirement, by boldly insisting on forcing me to discover myself when it was not agreeable."

Sir Henry stung with the severity of this last word, repelled as much as possible the fiery glance that darted in his eye. "To err is human," replied he, "to forgive divine; and as I now appeal to a divinity, whose characteristic is compassion and benevolence, thus let a suppliant sue for pardon," gracefully dropping on one knee, and presenting the fash and slipper: "The ardent desire of having one peep at so charming a fugitive, whom I had never consciously offended, induced me to explore your retreat, one fascinating smile seals my pardon, and Lansdown vows never to intrude again 'till the benignant eye of Lady Louisa marks his fond wish, and permits him so great an indulgence."

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“ Sir Henry’s elegant apology has sufficiently atoned for his frolic, and Louisa trusts forgiveness beams as sincerely in her eye as it expands in her heart.” An eloquent look at that moment confirmed the reality of her address, yet it conveyed to the bosom of Lansdown an idea not easily forgotten, for Sir Henry’s partiality had long subsisted, and he waited only to be assured his hopes were not founded on a baseless fabric; thus the information he wished to obtain he conceived the eloquent eyes of Lady Louisa had powerfully expressed: That she entertained a respectful esteem was all he could at present flatter himself with, and as he well knew she possessed every social virtue, he did not doubt but in time sympathy would raise the spirit of friendship to the exalted and fervent passion of love, for every perfection, in his opinion, centered in this paragon of excellence, and if an error ever blazed in her conduct, it could only be imputed to a peculiar flow of good spirits, the incense of a heart which knew no guile, and a quick sensibility and imagination unrestricted

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ed by prudery or affectation : She was youthful, innocent and gay, her heart had never known a pang of real sorrow, every hour had glided on the wing of happiness, nor had she ever been tempted to pluck the rose of love, consequently its thorns had never wounded her bosom.

CHAP.

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## CHAP. IX.

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**T**HE rest of the morning passed in chat 'till the Marquis's return, who pleased with his visitor, begged he would stay dinner, for Sir Henry, as the son of his most favorite youthful companion, who trod with him in childhood the paths of learning, always found a hearty invitation at the castle: — "About a fortnight hence," said the Marquis, "is the united birth-day of my daughters, which I intend to celebrate with all possible festivity; the neighbouring nobility and gentry will have general invitations, and the peasantry shall enjoy every harmony  
and

and pleasure their hearts can wish; I intend to form a fête champetre, and your presence will add to our felicity."

The high blood that flowed in the Marquis's veins had ever panted for an alliance with this noble youth, and he flattered himself one of his daughters might be able to captivate, in his opinion, so glorious a prize. The ample estate of Sir Henry, the elegant education he had received, and improved to every advantage; the virtue of his ancestors shining in every action, and flowing in every sentence, had so inflated the pride of the Marquis, that every hope rested on this favorite scheme.

Every elegance was preparing at the castle, and the most sumptuous luxuries procuring; every belle in the vicinity was racking her invention to appear the most attractive object, and not a domestic but equally enjoyed the delightful anticipation of the approaching festival, and even the old gardener, whose venerable

able

nable locks straggled in silvery threads on his wrinkled temples, was half persuaded to suffer his niece Agnes, who was waiting maid to Lady Adela, to have them fastened with a new black ribbon, and wear a little powder on the occasion, but in vain did she endeavour to rally and tell him he would look so young he should be her partner on the lawn.

“Don’t tease me Agnes,” said he, “you nor any other female shall ever have the honor of decking my head.”

Agnes smiled for the moment at his shrewd reply, yet as she recollected her worthy uncle had once loved and met a severe disappointment, she pitied him, from her soul, as she was well convinced his attachment to single life had not arisen from a froward disposition, or an absolute aversion to the sex in general, a sigh sacred to his sorrows escaped her, and Andrew perhaps at that moment felt a similar sensation, as he walked slow and pensively out of the servants hall.

“Well,



"Well, I never liked old bachelors," said the little thin housekeeper, drawing up her head and smoothing her apron, "but I must say Andrew is the best tempered creature I ever lived with in my life, yet, as I often tell him, his generosity outruns his pocket, poor good soul."

At this last ejaculation, uttered with a deep sigh, Agnes raised her eyes and fixed them on Mrs. Gertrude's little grey orbs, peeping over the dark circles of an ancient pair of green-glass spectacles.

"Was you ever in love?" asked the facetious Agnes, "or do you ever mean to marry?"

"What is past," cried the little notable dame, "bears no very pleasing retrospect, and what's to come one must be more than mortal to devise."

"Why

“Why I can tell you,” answered Agnes, determined to enjoy her frolic, and assuming the predelictive air of a fortune-teller, earnestly gazed on the palm of her hand — “What’s to come is, Andrew —”

Gertrude started and withdrew her hand, half angry, yet half determined to forgive: “What of him for God’s sake.”

“Nay,” replied Agnes, having sily observed Andrew crossing the lawn with a basket of fruit, “what would you wish more than a present of some peaches this morning, which I prophesy will arrive in a few minutes for your acceptance.”

Poor Gertrude, who had placed a different construction on the first hopeful words uttered by the mischief-loving Agnes, scarce knew how to extricate herself from the censure her agitation had incurred, and therefore thought it most proper to trip out of the room, and leave Agnes to receive the peaches and bearer; for although she conceived herself much past her prime, there was a degree

of pleasure in knowing herself esteemed by so worthy a man as Andrew she could not forego.

“Love indeed,” muttered she to herself as she trotted up stairs, “I should be an old fool to be in love now a-days; to be sure I have a great regard for Andrew, but I dare say he never had the least thoughts of me more than civility.”

Thus argued Gertrude, yet she half wished to persuade herself Andrew’s opinion might be different to her conjecture, and as she crossed the looking glass vanity tapped her on the shoulder, and turning her head she conceived a pin was still wanting to adjust her ribbon, which probably had never been thought of if Agnes’s bewitching conversation had not instilled the idea of attraction, but the bell ringing terminated her reflection, and she briskly descended to obey its summons.

The Marquis had as yet received but one letter from his son, and that arrived before he left Dover, and his silence was a mystery he could not explain. " 'Tis probable his friends engross so much of his time," thought he, "that every hour not dedicated to them is devoted to refreshing slumber, to recover him from the excesses of dissipation; yet methinks he might have stole half an hour to gratify me, by hearing of his welfare; however, I trust as pleasure is his pursuit, prudence will conduct him safe.

The day following brought him a second letter, expressing Lord Edwin had changed his route, and had proceeded to Italy.

Had a spectre, the most horrible imagination could depict, presented itself at that moment, it could not have produced a greater agitation than the Marquis experienced—every nerve vibrated, every feature was marked with ghastly astonishment—the very project he wished to stifle in embryo had burst forth,

forth, and presented the most formidable picture of vexation, tinged with the highest colouring the power of imagination could shade. Yet Montague's late conversation darted a ray of comfort and composed his irritable mind.

When he met the ladies he slightly mentioned the subject, by saying Edwin was by this time in Italy. "Probably," said the lively Lady Louisa, "he may chance to meet our little Chamouny cottager."

The Marquis shrunk with apprehension; "If he does," answered he unguardedly, "What impression could a peasant make on him?"

"Impression!" repeated the lively Louisa, "Why, suppose I was a handsome peasant-girl, and you a Marquis, a slight impression of the lip might be no great degradation, and as Edwin loves to contemplate beauty, such a circumstance might occur."

Rage tinged the Marquis's cheek: "Ridiculous!" cried he, "Do you suppose the girl would suffer such an insult, or Montague permit it?"

"Well," said Lady Adela, "I cannot think a cottager would conceive it an insult; and as to Montague's prevention, what are the remonstrances of an old man to the absolute determinations of a young one, to whom obedience and respect demanded his silence."

The sting of an asp had not more severely wounded the bosom, than this applicable speech had the peace of the Marquis.

"I trust," said he, recovering his chagrin, "Rosalie has too much good sense ever to make me suspect her of such an imprudence, much more that ocular demonstration should convince me the suggestion was become a reality; she is now chaste as the unfulfilled snow that crowns her native mountains, and it shall be my care too warm a sun does not dissolve and  
contaminate

contaminate that purity it now so eminently possesses."

"If I should ever feel myself disposed to be in love," said the arch Louisa, "I'd take a trip to Lapland, and bring home my heart so thoroughly chilled and cased with an impenetrable shield of ice, that should repel and defy the meridian beams of India's burning sun to dissolve it."

"Time will convince us, Louisa," returned the Marquis, "your intrepidity of being held captive, liberty is your motto, and a chain, even of gold, would be to you a galling fetter; but let us take a turn through the grounds, I want your genius and advice in the disposal of some ornaments in the grotto.

## CHAP. X.

---

**I**T only wanted two days of the fête, and the elegant arrangements of every device exhibited the taste of the ladies; innumerable fancies decorated every part of the castle: Sir Henry Lansdowne, and his friend, Lord Carlton, soon after arrived in the Baronet's elegant phaeton, and beautiful greys, followed by two smart little lads in scarlet jackets and velvet caps, which rendered the equipage an interesting and charming object from the windows, but, alas! the ladies were not there to admire them as they dashed over the lawn.

Lord Carlton's manly features lost their usual penseroso on his arrival at the castle: He was the darling son of an Irish nobleman,  
well



well educated, possessing an ample fortune, and inferior to few in gentility of deportment, elegance of address, or amiability of disposition, but when compared to the lively and spirited Sir Henry, he was justly and frequently styled the virtuous and benignant mentor; and was his friend's superior in age, about two years, but the contrast of their dispositions entitled them to the difference of ten.

The elegant Lady Adela and fascinating Louisa, were strolling on the arm of the Marquis, in a distant avenue of the shrubbery, when Sir Henry and Lord Carlton advanced to meet them.

They were dressed in their morning muslin robes, their hair wildly disordered by the wind, waved on their shoulders in irregular luxuriance, while the beams of the sun cast a pleasing reflection on their beautiful features, through the texture of small chip hats negligently fastened with a plain ribbon; on the

arm of Lady Louisa hung a basket of flowers just selected from the green-house, while the delicate fingers of Lady Adela twined through the wires of a small cage that imprisoned an exquisite Virginia nightingale, which she was removing from a too sultry situation in a portico of oranges, where its enchanting song delighted every listening ear.

Lord Carlton held the arm of his friend: "One moment's pause, Lansdowne," cried he, "to contemplate the most charming group I ever beheld; are those the divinities I am to be introduced to? And which is the lovely goddess at whose shrine you worship? What elegance and beauty! Methinks had there been one more, my fancy had not unjustly conceived the graces had strolled to this charming spot; that little floral deity seems to tread on air, as if her magic feet would scorn to crush the blossoms that invade her path, while the majestic and graceful carriage of the other presents one with the expressive resemblance of the dignified Minerva, each  
reclined

reclined on the arm of a venerable and benignant sage, who seems dispensing smiles and happiness, blended no doubt with some precept of instruction, as appears by his pointed finger and earnest conversation:"

"Why, Carlton, you are quite in heroics this morning," answered Sir Henry, "but recollect you are to sacrifice only at the shrine of Minerva, for that angelic Hebe, Flora, Thalia, or what you please to call her, is alone dedicated to wing each hour with rosy bliss for Lansdowne's future days, but they approach and you shall judge farther.

"My friend, Lord Carlton, Sir," continued he, presenting him to the Marquis, "of whom impartially conversing, your goodness permitted me to introduce."

The Marquis cordially extended his hand, and politely welcomed him to the castle, while a glow of confusion embarrassed the ladies at the surprise of so unexpected a visitor.

Carlton ventured a glance at the forbidden fruit, thought its temptation delicious, and immediately fixed his eyes on the serene features of Lady Adela, offering to convey the cage into the house, a politeness acknowledged by a graceful compliment quite her own.

“Sweet prisoner,” cried he, admiring his beautiful plumage, “captivity with thee must lose its rigours, the attention of thy lovely mistress surely repays thy loss of liberty; fed by her gentle hand, and courted by her dulcet voice to warble thy sweet note, who would not envy thee, gay songstrefs?”

Lady Adela smiled. “His native clime had surely yet more charms, my Lord, where liberty, delightful liberty, was all his own, when at the evening hour he sweetly poured his plaintive melody, to hail his mate within the well known grove, but now captivity desires those joys the little solitaire softly diversifies his notes with tender thrilling strains, which

which oft' to fancy's ear seems to repeat some mournful plaint of separated love."

Carlton was delighted with the sweet beam of compassion that animated her countenance, each sentiment seemed so congenial to his own, and her soft and pleasing address rendered her the more captivating object of his esteem; whilst in the conversation of Lady Louisa he conceived he could distinguish a predominance of levity, though biased by extreme politeness and affability: Such were the impartial ideas he formed of each, and Lord Carlton's opinion seldom deviated from the most favorable yet real points of true discernment.

The most pleasing converse beguiled that day, and on the third the natal morn was ushered in by the five tinkling bells from the steeple of the romantic church about half a mile distant. A public breakfast in the Park commenced the fête, and the company assembled in elegant dishabille, numerous tables

were spread under the shade of some venerable majestically-towering elms, while a band of music artfully concealed amid the luxuriance of a portico of oranges and odoriferous shrubs, at once delighted and surpris'd; profusive refreshments and delicacies furnished a superb dejuné, and the repast ended at two o'clock, when an elegant gondola with flags, bearing the Marquis's arms, decorated with several emblematic devices, and cushions of pale blue sattin covered the seats to receive the delightful group, who chose to enjoy the refreshing breezes, under an awning on the spacious canal, to the soft notes of the enchanting horn.

Others, whom timidity prevented joining the aquatic group, repaired to a turkish marquée, purposely erected for an accommodative shade to the ladies, as spectators of a select company of gentlemen, who were to exert their skill in archery to obtain the silver arrow, and the rich bugle horn, prizes bestowed on the conqueror by the lovely directresses of the amusement.

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The tent was composed of buff and green sattin in broad stripes, looped at the entrance by large tassels of silver, and festoons of bullion fringe; on the top was placed a superb sun of variegated luminous colours, that kept in perpetual motion, and produced a beautiful effect; sofas of correspondent sattin were placed on the inside, whilst various ensigns of archery suspended on falls of white sattin that lined the marquée. Sir Henry proved the fortunate claimant of the bugle horn, and the fair hands of Lady Louisa invested him with his trophy.

While the silver arrow was next adjudged to the Honorable Frederic Waldegrave, a resident in the vicinity of the castle, an orphan, of noble ancestry, just returned from a short trip to his paternal seat, about five miles distant. He was polite, amiable, and engaging, his countenance pleasing, his conversation interesting, nineteen summers only had bloomed upon his brow, and as a young man totally left to follow the bent of his own inclination at  
that

that early period of life, could it be wondered if, distant from the restrictions of a morose guardian, his naturally-lively disposition sometimes led him into error, yet very few had yet blazed in his conduct; instinctively inclined to cultivate a capacious, fertile and rising genius; his penetrating dark eyes beamed with delight, while his luxuriant hair of rich brown flowed on his well turned shoulders, as yet unconfined by the regulation of fashion, no ribbon confined it, no powder sullied its gloss: His jacket was composed of green sattin, his waistcoat buff, his hat black sattin, looped in front with a superb brilliant, and a green feather, rendered him the superior object of general admiration, for dignity, affability, and grace seemed to have combined their powers to complete the perfection of this noble youth.

As he advanced to receive his reward, he dropped gracefully on one knee, and kissing the fair hand that bestowed the arrow, placed it in the front of his sash.

Lady



Lady Louisa, who sometimes amused herself with drawing the bow, chose to preside over the archers party, whilst Lady Adela, in compliment to the rest of the assemblage, took her seat in the gondola.

The dresses of the lovely sisters were exactly alike: loose Grecian robes of transparent French lawn over sarsenet petticoats, the waist and sleeves clasped with bands of pearls, and their beautiful tresses shaded only by a veil of the same texture, thrown gracefully back and fastened with a lily of pearls, while the lower fall descended to the waist and joined the cestus. The simplicity and becomingness of this elegant dishabille is scarcely conceivable, and the sublimity of their countenances heightened by the charming blushes created by the encomiums of the company, very aptly entitled them to the Dutchess of Montreville's remark, who observed, they resembled the express character of vestal virgins, both from their real dispositions and negligently-graceful dress.

Two

Two hours thus devoted completed the morning amusement, and the company retired to dress for the masked ball in the evening. The grand drawing-room was hung on the occasion with white sattin, over which in various forms suspended wreaths of roses, while columns of variegated foils entwined with oak leaves and golden wheat divided the compartments: Three superb chandeliers of different colours, representing emeralds, rubies, topazs, amethysts, &c. gave a most beautiful appearance; they were supported by enameled doves, suspended with chains from a rich painted ceiling; the sofas, dúchesses and chairs were covered with white sattin fringed with silver, and in various parts of the room were disposed golden eagles supporting on their backs delicate fillagree pedestals, on which were placed the most curious exotics, while small incense vases of fragrant aromatics blazed their magic flame on the chimney pieces, whose exquisite and matchless petrifactions formed a most beautiful spectacle.

On

On a portion of the lawn was erected a platform for the dancers, should the evening prove fine, and beautiful Luna in compliment shed her most refulgent beam to invite the harmonious and sprightly group: innumerable lamps were suspended and encircled the trees, which almost uniting at the top formed a vernal canopy, intercepted thro' the waving branches by contrasting moonlight: To complete the picturesque sylvan scene, a band of music stationed in a distant pavilion, and the beautifully-illuminated grotto immediately opposite across the lake, furnished an interesting object of admiration to the dancers, for the reflecting mirrors, burnished fossils, shells and brilliants, gave to fancy the idea of enchantment, while irregularly flowing down a craggy flight of marble steps a murmuring cascade broke its passage from the mossy carpet of the grotto to the lake, where the trembling moonlight clearly distinguished its circling form in rapid descent, concordantly joining its murmur to the inspiring notes of the distant horn.

Sir

Sir Henry supported the character of a pilgrim—Lord Carlton a magician—the Hon. Frederic Waldegrave, as cupid, with an elegant bow and arrows tipped with gold, which he dexterously directed to every youthful female, while to the married ladies he distributed fetters of roses, which he assured them “were thornless.” One arrow only missed its aim, it was levelled at an elegant nun, her foot stepped on it, and its texture being light and brittle, it snapped, and disconcerted the fly archer.

“I never refuse an enemy,” cried the Religieuse; “although no enchantress, I possess a spell more powerful than your arrow, gentle Cupid, ’tis a heart defying thy magic, because every recess is guarded by reason, thy most dreaded foe; take thy aim amid the circles of gallantry, for my devoted sisterhood shrink from thee, vain boy, and every thought soars superior to thy influence.” Cupid obediently drew the silken bandage across his eyes, and mingled with the group.

A flower-girl next addressed the magician, to explain her fortune: "Beauty," answered he, "fades like the blossoms in thy basket, cast them away and select others, among which choose the aloe, to watch its bloom will teach thee patience; add the blossoms of time, and place next them the rose of happiness, carefully dividing the thorns from the heart's-ease, mingle the evergreens of truth and fidelity, and present the selection to the most generous purchaser." Promising to observe his advice, she tripped away.

A beautiful figure of hope courted universal admiration, who proved to be Lady Adela. "Wilt thou, sweet maid, by thy magic inspiration, deign to lighten my burthen?" asked Cupid. "Apply to prudence to fledge your arrows, and beg constancy to steep them in her purest essence, and my best exertion shall effectually crown your wishes." answered she.

The

The pilgrim next addressed her. "Whether are you wandering barefoot?" asked the elegant enchantress, leaning in pensive attitude on a superb anchor, "Do you prefer the thorny paths of superstition? or do you only affect to deceive us in your pretended pilgrimage? Change your route if bound to Loretto, believe me you will not find green slippers on every rose-bush to ease your feet as you travel on." "Oh, I'll compound for a few thorns," answered he, "provided the path does not conceal steel traps." A significant pressure of her hand convinced her the compliment was returned in the very reality of *jeu d'esprit*.

As he glided away Lady Louisa's appearance, as the goddess of fortune with her splendid wheel, drew the whole assembly's admiration, and her dulcet voice instantly claimed attention. "I have selected a few prizes," said she, "the keep-fakes of hope and fortune, which I shall distribute as chance directs, the humble memorials of this day."

A sultana advanced and the fickle deity presented the wheel, from which she drew a card, which adjudged her the embroidered handkerchief; a general congratulation was whispered round on the applicable prize, but as prudence and modesty sealed the lip of the donor, animadversion ceased. Numerous elegant bagatelles were distributed among the motly group, and each party highly delighted with the polite remembrance, treasured the little gift as an estimable memorial of friendship and respect.

At one the dancing ceased, when sumptuous tables provided with every luxury the season produced, were spread in the grand saloon, where the Marquis presided, the most convivial and delighted spectator of the whole party: At the hour of three the company retired, and the inmates of the castle stole to the pillow of Morpheus.

The utmost decorum had been observed by the domestics and peasantry, who had  
equally

equally enjoyed the evening by dancing on the back lawn, to the enlivening pipe and tabor, where Mrs. Gertrude condescended to lead down the first dance with Andrew, to the no small diversion of Wilson and the Marquis's valet.

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CHAP.



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CHAP. XI.  

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**L**ORD EDWIN and his lovely protégée pursued their journey over the mountains and environs for several days, 'till they reached the cottage of Marcella, where they rested and partook some humble refreshment, while Carlos again repeated his faithful adieus.

The spot that surrounded the cottage was romantically beautiful; from the protruding sides of the mountains depended clusters of the purple vintage in rich festoons, while in various parts of the acclivity the traces of the plough divided the velvet slopes, between  
whose

whose chafms lofty water-falls in diamond showers spangled the obtruding shrubs and flowers with its radiant crystals, as morn in saffron vesture tinted with her reflected orient beam the waving pines, that clad the mountain-steep.

Marcella bade a thousand adieus as she wiped the intruding tear on the corner of her apron ; her spinning was placed at the door, and as the mules slowly paced on she took her seat, her head rested on the arm that supported the inactive spindle, while her eyes were fixed on the lessening objects, and the hand that lay in her lap still held the little gold cross, the treasured keep-sake of her lover, consecrated with the heart-sprung tears that laved its burnished sides.

Rosalie involuntarily looked back a few paces distance ; Carlos was transfixed to his mule a statue of despair, gazing a last look with an extended hand that meant to  
wave,

move, but the impulse of activity was suspended and the useless limb dropped by his side.

“Poor fellow,” said Rosalie, her fine eyes absorbed in the tear of sensibility, “these are unfeigned furrows of the heart.”

“I pity them from my soul,” added the benignant Lord Edwin, “Carlos in general possesses great fortitude, yet I find he is not proof to the innovations of love.”

No particular circumstance occurred worthy observation 'till they arrived at Dieppe, where Carlos humbly petitioned to bestow his mite by a young female mendicant, instinctively stopped to listen to the voice of distress, while Mademoiselle Rosalie and his Lordship were taking lemonade vis-à-vis in a small room from whence they could observe his motion.

“Ah, the poor unfortunate,” said Carlos searching his pocket for a few sous, very willingly

lingly drawn, while she presented a small basket of tooth-picks, "Le Souvenir," said Carlos, modestly taking one, "I shall take this trifle to England, and when I look on it I shall be reminded of Jannette: But I will not seek to explore sorrows it is not in my power to alleviate—Adieu then, the tear that in spite of every effort to retain it bedews my cheek, is the incense of a heart that has nothing more to give, yet 'tis consecrated to the child of misery."

Jannette's tear mingled her thanks as she walked pensively on, and Carlos with folded arms stood contemplating her neat figure, and wasted a sigh to her sorrows 'till the voice of Lord Edwin tendering him a few Louis roused him, and he lightly skipped after Jannette, and chucking them into her basket pointed to his Lordship and returned.

Jannette courtied low three times, and tying her little fortune up in a small leather  
purse,

purse, looked earnestly at it, clasped her hands, and raised her eyes in silent ejaculation to heaven for the unexpected bounty of the benevolent strangers, put it in her pocket, wiped another tear, yet another still succeeded, 'twas the drop of sincere gratitude, it would intrude—the feelings of nature were not to be commanded, and the tooth-pick girl possessed them refined only by the hand that planted, not nurtured them, yet were they eminently imitative, and her expressive eyes had repeated the whole history of her misfortunes to Carlos, without one syllable escaping her lips; eloquent revealers, beaming the impartial truth though often pressed by bashful modesty to conceal the unpitied sorrows they relate, yet sweet compassion marks the timid glance, and joys to cheer the sad dejected eye long wandering o'er the gloomy chequered landscape shaded by tempestuous clouds of human life.

The packet in which the travellers were to sail for England was very full, and Rosalie

drew her veil close over her face, while Lord Edwin wrapped himself in a large cloak and permitted his fine dark hair to shade his countenance, as a disguise more favorable to his stratagem, and which so much altered his features as to elude the resemblance he formerly bore the family, and as Signior Carlini and La Bella Rosàra his sister, they took their seats in the cabin.

Rosalie soon found the motion of the boisterous wave agitate her stomach, and she fainted on the shoulder of Lord Edwin: This indisposition so alarmed him, he had nearly thrown off his disguise to assist her, and bearing her in his arms on deck for the benefit of air, blundered over a young buck who impeded the passage, and unfortunately trod on the gouty foot of an old morose bachelor, which compliment was returned by a hearty oath and a violent thrust. "Manners, you brute; have you no compassion you frisking Italian devil?" exclaimed he, limping into the cabin.

Lord

Lord Edwin enraged at this invective, now thought proper to address him in the English language, and in fact to procure some assistance for the lovely burthen now senseless in his arms. "I shall teach you manners, friend," cried he, "when I come down again, at present I am too much engaged in the charge of my sister."

"Sister!" exclaimed the buck sarcastically sneering, "A mighty polite brother, methinks if he possessed a little more manners for strangers it would better become him; Oh, 'tis an absolute boor to be treated thus, my hair, my coat, my neckcloth bear testimony of the savage's ferocity."

These last words echoing in the ear of a stiff-starched little old maid, instantly made her bustle up. "Mercy defend us, a boar in the packet did you say, Sir? Gracious God! the fierce creature may tear us all to pieces, I hope he is chained; I would not have come for the world if I had known it."

“Oh you need not be alarmed,” replied the buck, taking her brown shrivelled arm and seating her again, “it is only a two legged savage, that has caused this confusion, by stumbling over half a dozen of us with his prey in his paw.”

“A savage with his prey?” reiterated the prim virgin, whose stupidity could not understand his rodomontade, “what is it any thing like a monkey?”

“Oh yes!” returned he, enjoying the joke at her expence, while her features stiffened with terror, “It certainly is of that specie, though it styles itself a man; in short, to calm your fears, Madam, ’tis the famous Signior, who has just left the cabin: I am sure if my sister, like his, had shammed dead, I should not have thought proper to clamber up with her weight at the danger of my own legs, and crush half a dozen others.

“Aye,



"Aye, aye, you are right," cried old square toes, "self preservation is the first law of nature, I never risked my precious limbs gadding after a parcel of pert toads, not I, fal-lal dangling nonsense."

By this time the antiquated Miss had drawn a small case bottle from her pocket, declaring her stomach, in consequence of the flurry she had just experienced, to be rather qualmish, and strongly recommended the old gentleman to taste it, assuring him it was very fine and unadulterated.

"It may, Madam," replied he, "but I am no dram drinker, however I thank you for your offer."

The little dame reddened with vexation, the odium of a dram drinker had not escaped her notice. "Old churl," muttered she, applying it to her lips, and swallowing a small but usual portion, again consigned it to the bottom of her long pocket.

Lord Edwin had now left Montague and Carlos to attend Rosalie, as she preferred sitting on deck, while he descended in search of the two choleric gentlemen he had so unintentionally offended.

“I hope your sister is better, Signior,” asked the buck, with the most sarcastic effrontery.

Lord Edwin surveyed him from head to foot with an air of the most sovereign contempt, and then passed on to the old codger, “I am come to apologize as a gentleman to you, Sir, if in the hurry of conveying my sister up I was so unfortunate to do you an injury, but you must excuse me if I add, the hasty and ill-mannerly retaliated thrust and oath ill become a person of your years, and which perhaps makes me draw a conclusion of your birth and education probably unjust, but for which you must thank yourself; for the accident I readily apologize, and I hope, as my senior, you will be induced politely to  
pardon,

pardon, and acknowledge the ungentleman-like expressions you made use of were the result of a moment's passion, urged by an unlucky pressure of your lame foot, which I am sorry should have felt an additional pang from me."

"As for you, Sir," added he, turning to the young man, "I conceive far too contemptible a person to converse with, a mere composition of malice, foppery, and ignorance, quite beneath the notice of a gentleman."

To this address the pitiful spark thought fit to make no other reply than a sarcastic smile, and humming a tune, marched out of the cabin, secretly mortified at betraying his folly; while the old gentleman finding Montague and Carlos descending to receive the Signior's orders, began to think his companion of more consequence than he at first suspected, and therefore extended his hand in token of forgiveness, which Lord Edwin's

placid benignity accepted, and animosity ceased on all sides.

His curiosity being roused the old gentleman determined to try what he could make of the servants, as he had an inconceivable partiality to high connexion, being a rich but miserly Don; he therefore watched the Signior's absence to accomplish his scheme, and first addressed Montague with inquiring where his master and mistress were going.

"To England of course," replied the cautious domestic.

"And pray, friend, where might they last come from?"

"Paris," answered Montague, conning over the news-paper.

"Humph!" cried the old man, "that I knew before, but tell me if they are brother and sister; whether people of consequence, fortune

fortune, or note in the gay world, and where they reside in England; come, let's hear, let's enjoy half an hour's chat over a tiff of punch."

"Excuse me, Sir," said Montague, "I have not lived in the Signior's family twenty-five years, to turn tatterer in my old age, and evince myself unworthy the confidence ever reposed in me, and which I have faithfully supported."

"Nay," cried the other, reddening with passion at the baulk of his project, "there's no harm in a civil question, it must be a matter of indifference to me to know who your master is, and if I had not taken a liking to him, I should not have troubled my head about him, pray is he married?"

Montague uttered his favorite monosyllable, and the disappointed enquirer walked away. Passing the door of the lower cabin he espied Carlos, "I hope your Lady's better," said the intruder, taking a seat, "and your

master too seems a mighty affable pleasant companion, and a warm one too I dare say."

"Why yes," answered Carlos, seeing the drift of his impertinent curiosity, "few men more so; 'tis warmish weather in our country."

"Aye you fly rogue," cried he, tapping his shoulder, and sagaciously winking, "I mean warm in the pocket."

"Perfectly so, and in every other respect," rejoined Carlos, "for generosity warms his hand, friendship his heart, virtue and gratitude his soul, while compassion blazes in his eye for every child of misfortune, and the cottage that shelters the victim of poverty feels the warmth of his beneficence in the blaze of the cheering faggots that form his little fire."

By every artful kind of stratagem did the old gentleman strive to obtain the wished intelligence, but Carlos's ingenuity evaded every

every possible discovery, and he left him to his own contemplation."

Finding himself baffled and derided, he again ventured to the cabin, where he consoled himself with smoking a pipe, to the annoyance of several females, whose coughs and whisper were little noticed by him, self comfort being his only consideration.

A plump dame surrounded by three shuffling boys, complained loudly of the offensive tobacco. "Bobby will certainly be sick," cried she, hugging up a rosy cheeked chub, the express image of herself, "you must either go a top of the deck, Sir, or I insist the window shall be open, for we shall be poisoned and stifled alive, as bad thof we were stuffed in the black-hole at *Calcoretta* what d'ye callum place, I shall be a fine figure by the time I gets to *Brightbampsted*; this is my last clean apron, and it looks rare and *smudgey*, beside we shall smell like pole-cats; God blefs Bobby, he's sick as death."

"If

“If Bobby had stuffed less cold goose just now, his stomach would have been in a better state to bear these wholesome fumes,” cried the old gentleman, “so a natural cascade won’t do him much harm, pop him upon deck he’ll do very well.”

“Who asked your advice, ’squire Nettle-top?” returned she, clawing up the boy on one hip and waddling out of the cabin.”

“Lord Edwin and Rosalie were seated on deck, praying for the hour that would discover the long expected shore, and free them from the disgusting party they had avoided associating with; the passage was tedious, the wind contrary, but in six hours after they safely landed at Brighton, where the old gentleman taking his seat in the diligence for London, unwillingly quitted the Signior without the least clue of ever seeing him again.

Lord Edwin was now obliged to leave his fair charge, after passing two days, and the  
third



third morning Rosalie was to proceed to the castle. Lord Edwin had ordered a muslin jacket to be made for her on their arrival, and also a straw hat, plainly ornamented with a violet ribbon; habited in this neat and simple dress confined by a sash of the same colour with her hat, innumerable ringlets of the glossiest hue shading her soft blue eyes, and the rose of health blooming on her cheek, she entered the room.

Lord Edwin surveyed her with delight. "Enchanting girl," thought he, "how will my father fix his eyes on that sweet angelic countenance, that graceful form, and soft bewitching smile, mingled with hope and fear, as the door opens to receive the humble trembling stranger, a thousand adieu's trembled on each lip as the chaise drove off, and Lord Edwin, after watching the speedy vehicle out of sight, returned to his parlour with a dejected eye and heavy heart 'till the packet sailed in the evening, in which he took his solitary seat on his way to Paris, where he  
amused

amused himself in writing, but as the lovely form of Rosalie, continually before his eyes, banished every other idea, his rapturous pen involuntarily obeyed the dictates of his heart, and traced the following lines.

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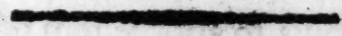
ON ROSALIE.

Pure are her virtues as th' unfully'd snows,  
 Fraught with effervent love her bosom glows;  
 Celestial softness beaming from her eye,  
 Spontaneous eloquence expands each sigh:  
 While balmy sweetness from her lip distills,  
 Her voice with melody harmonious thrills;  
 Softer than lyric strains Apollo sung,  
 Each heav'nly accent lingers on her tongue:  
 When she appears the rose forgets to bloom,  
 The lily droops nor sheds its gay perfume:  
 And when the sprightly dance she blithly leads,  
 The choice of Paris in her favor pleads;  
 Peace, happiness, and love, before her bend,  
 Virtue's own offspring and the muses friend.

When

When heaven's harbinger shall claim his prize,  
 And waft her purest soul to purer skies,  
 Then shall recording annals trace her fame,  
 And pity weep when mem'ry breathes her name.

CHAP. XII.



CHAP.

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CHAP. XII.  

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**M**ONTAGUE had been ordered by the Marquis to apprise him of their arrival at Brighton, which injunction being punctually obeyed, the family were anxiously awaiting the appointed hour—the morning had passed and the traveller not arrived. The Marquis strolled with his daughters to a pavilion in the park, a beautiful edifice erected and ornamented entirely to the taste of the fair sisters: Its form was octagon, and the columns that supported it of curious marble, and a flight of steps with white and gold railing led to the Portico, the door of which was inlaid with  
pannels

pannels of looking-glass, reflecting the beautiful prospect, and deluding the eye with an imaginary view through the pavilion, which produced a charming effect. The window opened in the Italian stile, lattices of green wire supported the clustering roses that encircled one window, while around the opposite one luxuriant passion-flowers corresponded their beautiful shade.

The door opening discovered a spacious room, around whose sides in various recesses the muses were beautifully represented; in one part an elegant piano forte, in another a noble library, while various capital drawings, the performance of Lady Adela, embellished the compartments: Before the chimney was raised a stage filled with exotics. The Virginia Philomel, suspended at a third window over a bowl of gold fish; and at a fourth was fixed a camera-obscura. The matting which covered the center of the floor was composed of coloured straw, wove to the fancy in various devices, and formed by the fair hands of the ladies,

ladies, a charming specimen of their taste and abilities: Several pieces of embroidery, cloth, bead, fillagree, and various other curious performances were arranged in different situations, and the delighted Marquis had given it the appellation of "the Pavilion of ingenuity."

Boundless was the landscape on either side, and from this delightful retreat Lady Adela's pencil traced the picturesque beauties of nature; here they constantly devoted several hours every morning, to indulge the wanderings of fancy, while some new invention formed an admirable chef d'oeuvre from the fertility of their imagination, which furnished them a continual source of amusement.

'Twas here the Marquis had taken a book at one of the windows, while Lady Adela was adding the last tints to a beautiful landscape, and Lady Louisa practising a new Italian air, on her piano, when Montague opened the door of the pavilion and presented Rosalie.

The

The Marquis started and the book dropped—the ladies instantly rose and conducted her to their father, where the lovely girl respectfully dropped on one knee, and suffused in blushes raised her fine eyes absorbed in tears, as the Marquis pressed her hand and bid her rise.

“My noble generous protector,” cried the charming creature, “May the ill-fated girl your bounty has cherished, reward, by her grateful affection, the duty she owes her benefactor, long may she share the tender affection he has faithfully shewn her helpless infancy, sacred to the memory of an honored parent once possessing his favor and esteem.”

The Marquis clasped her hand, “Grateful Rosalie,” replied he; “the memory of thy valued mother steals from me an avowal of equal affection for her lovely child, come then to my bosom and receive that blessing and protection no longer hers to bestow, while  
her

her angelic form hovers over us, and guards thee pure and spotless as her sainted spirit."

"But I must leave you, my children, for a short interval, Rosalie St. Clair is so expressly the image of her lovely mother, that it recalls a thousand painfully-pleasing ideas to my memory: You never knew the amiable Lady Saint Clair, my sweet girls, but as the friend of thy father receive with sisterly affection her hapless orphan, may you ever be united in an indissoluble band of love, and may happiness continually wave her banner round you."

He then retired from the pavilion to his library, and summoned Montague, from whom he received the miniature carefully sealed, which he instantly opened, and beheld indeed the most accurate resemblance of his adored Lavinia; thrice he pressed it to his lips, and then consigned it to the inmost recess of his escrutore, enclosed in a packet of papers, expressing every particular of the birth of Rosalie, with several letters from Lady Lavinia,



Lavinia, these were carefully sealed with the Marquis's arms, and directed for Rosalie."

"At my decease, Montague," said he, closing the drawer, "These papers will explain the present mystery, and my sacred promise will remain unbroke, the faithful vow has never been revealed by the lip of Augustus, and the angel who records it on the page of futurity shall never stain it with a blot."

"I think too I have totally prevented Edwin seeing her, he may now traverse Chamouny and not excite one fear in my bosom."

Montague trembled at the idea of investigation, but as the Marquis did not imagine he had met his son, the subject was not mentioned, and Montague was dismissed with orders to summon the ladies to tea, happy to have escaped advancing a falsehood, though had necessity compelled him, he must have submitted to the action of duplicity, by concealing

cealing the fact, to preserve Lord Edwin's happiness.

So delighted were the charming sisters with their new companion, that the cottager of Chamouny, in their opinion, was metamorphosed to the goddess of innocence and heavenly complaisance; her soul was congenial to their own, and fortune seemed to have presented them the friend they had long sought. Rosalie, charmed with the unexpected civility of her reception, was at a loss to express the fervent gratitude she felt; their polite conversation, their encouraging smiles of approbation, gave her the most pleasing hopes that her endeavours would ensure the friendship she was so much indebted, and which it should be her study to preserve, and she almost conceived it ungrateful to give one sigh of regret to the memory of past happiness in Chamouny, while benignity beamed in every countenance at the castle, and welcomed her with the unfeigned smile of sincerity.

Passing

Passing the green-house, Andrew, whose curiosity was ever alive, was purposely refreshing his blooming parterre, and on their approach had gathered a beautiful rose, from which his rusty scissars were clipping the thorns, "Would the lady do me the honor to accept a rose?" asked he, making a low bow, while his silver-threaded locks waved on his sun-burnt cheek.

"Gratefully, friend," answered she, placing it in her bosom. Andrew bowed as a flush of pleasure crossed his cheek.

"I subjoin this lily," cried Lady Louisa, gathering one that at the instant courted her hand, "Rose et Lis," added she, "will for the future be my favorite selection, I shall place them on the left side my bosom, and I trust they'll not fade. Lady Adela complimented the bon mot, and Rosalie's blush outvied the blooming present.

Returning to the house they were met in the hall by Mrs. Gertrude, Agnes, and Wilson, the attendant of Lady Louisa, to whom the news of Mademoiselle's arrival had been announced by Montague, cautiously guarding all possible tendency to discovery, of course then the cottage was not mentioned, he only knew her name to be Miss St. Clair, and that he brought her from a recluse family in Switzerland, that she had a genteel fortune, and was the Marquis's ward: The very idea of a recluse family instantly struck the imperious Wilson, who conceived the new inmate to be a person of no distinction, as she boasted neither the title of your Grace, or my Lady, consequently was received by her as an humble intruder, for insufferable was the hauteur of this fille de chambre. Each simpered and courtied, as Rosalie passed, and each in return met her grateful smile.

“No great things!” said Le Brun, the Marquis's valet, significantly shrugging his shoulders, and elevating his broad black eyebrows,

brow, as he carelessly threw himself across a chair, and treated himself with a pinch of snuff; "No hauteur I'll allow, but mightily devoid of the true *je ne sçais quoi*, we people of fashion are so noted for displaying in style, what do you think *ma petite Wilson*, I'll bet your black sparklers against her insipid blue beads ten to one."

"Bless me, *Le Brun*," (answered she, stretching her leg across the hearth to kick a little Italian dog, originally brought by Montague from Chamouny) "Don't plague me about *Mademoiselle*, for I detest Italians, a set of crafty toads, always squeaking and drawling, I hope it won't fall to my lot to attend her, if she was any body of consequence one would not mind, but as she has been bred up among the mountains, mighty private it seems, I suppose she'll be frisking up by sunrise, when I shall be just in my first sleep, egad if she does she may huddle on her cloaths as she can, I shan't attend her *larum* if it rings fifty times; Lord I should not have pa-

tience not I, there's plague enough with this *sham-moon* dog, we don't want any more out-there creatures methinks."

Gertrude now interfered to silence her scandalous loquacity, "Suspend your opinion," cried she, "at least 'till time convinces you of the reality of your ill-natured suggestions, be lenient to the wasp 'till you feel its sting, 'tis then time enough to retaliate the injury, but here is Andrew, now judge, by his opinion, "your tea is poured out and your mat-ted-chair ready placed for you Andrew," said she. "Oh, I don't want any," replied he, "I have had a sufficient feast upon such a smile as my eyes never saw before, in return for a few simple roses I presented that angelic visiter; powers of mercy, she shamed all my roses as she passed, please heaven I'll be up early, for I heard her tell our ladies she loved to hear the lark's morning song."

"Ah, deuce take it, I thought so," cried Wilson knitting her brows, and muttering  
in

in a low key, unheard by Andrew, "I suppose she sings morning hymns to the '....'"

"Yes, yes," continued Andrew, chatting over his cup, "I shall be up, and perhaps I shall have another smile for my breakfast; Montague says her name is Miss Rose—something, but as I don't understand the parley woos, Le Brun will tell me how to pronounce it."

"Oh," answered he, "its mighty pretty, quite in your stile, old boy, it means the charming composition of roses and lilies, so you must call her Miss Rosalie."

"Roses and lilies," reiterated Wilton, "fine stuff indeed, I wish Madam don't prove more like thorns and thistles."

"I wish heartily," answered Andrew, trotting out of the room, "that you had a thorn in your tongue, though 'tis sharp enough already, God knows, so perhaps a thistle in your  
H 3 throat

throat might be a more useful silencer of your spite."

Thus ended the controversy, and Agnes agreed she would officiate at Miss Rosalie's toilet to prevent any farther altercation. Accordingly at the hour of retiring she attended but the amiable stranger declined giving her any more trouble than unpacking her portmanteau, for which she civilly presented the obliging Agnes with a small osier work-basket; her lamp was then lighted, her door fastened, and Agnes retired to the house-keeper's room with her curious present, to the no small surprize and vexation of Wilson, who secretly determined to have one also the first opportunity.

CHAP.



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**CHAP. XIII.**

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**T**HE dawn of day tinged with orient beam the windows of Rosalie's apartment, and as soon as the servants were stirring she quitted her chamber, and descending the great staircase tripped out to enjoy the breezes of the morn; at the entrance of the shrubbery she met Andrew, with his spade and water-pots, indefatigably pursuing the labours of the day, who, on her approach, let down the corner of his woollen apron to conceal his morning stockings.

H 4

" Pray

"Pray friend is Montague up?" asked the fair stroller.

"No, my lady," answered he, "but I will call him."

"Not for the world," said Rosalie, "let him enjoy his repose; but as I did not know my way, I thought he might have conducted me over the grounds if he had been disengaged: Pray is this the way to the greenhouse I passed last night, could you oblige me with a view of the plants?"

"To be sure my lady," answered the delighted gardener, "I'll just step in for my coat, with your leave, for I am not fit to attend you in this morning jacket."

"Oh don't trouble yourself to change it," replied Rosalie, "I shall not remark the jacket while your civility furnishes me other amusement; 'tis the venerable habit of labour, friend, never be ashamed of it, while it bears  
the

the marks of diligent attention to your employment, 'tis a badge of honor in my opinion, and a glory to the industrious wearer."

Highly pleased with this charming compliment, every syllable of which was treasured in his memory, Andrew bowed and led the way, longing to bless her for her goodness, yet not daring to utter a word, fearful of offending.

After conducting her to the green-house, exhibiting his store of exotics, and explaining their several names and properties, he proceeded to the most favorite eminences to explore the adjacent country.

"But we boast far more beautiful views in Switzerland," said Rosalie smiling,

"Why, yes, Ma'am, so I have heard my Lord the Marquis say; and our young master Lord Edwin, they say, is now gone over to enjoy them; heaven preserve him, a better

H 5

gentleman

gentleman never was born ; God help me, I remember his christening, and rare doings we had ; he was always a lovely child, and now he's a man every body adores him he's so charitable and condescending."

Andrew had jarred a tender string, and it vibrated on the heart of Rosalie, who begged he would shew her the way to the pavilion, that she might indulge an hour in reading. They then proceeded through the shrubbery, and Andrew opening the door, "hoped he should not disturb her by pruning part of the foliage that obscured one of the windows, as company were coming through the grounds that morning.

"I must set these geraniums too out of the way," continued he, "for one of the ladies is very fond of a greyhound, who always follows her horse, and suffers him to ramble over every thing in his way ; the last time he scampered over these geraniums like mad, and snapt the head of my finest auricula, so if

I don't take care we shall have a second part of the same tune: My Lord too was not pleased, but Miss Villars did not care, she only whistled him off."

"Whistled!" replied Rosalie, astonished at the idea.

"Oh, yes, my Lady, she can whistle vastly well, and rides a hunting with Lord Edwin's hounds, in a scarlet jacket and a jockey cap, and our huntsman, Robin, says, she leaps a five-barred gate better than any woman in England; but my Lord don't ask her to ride when he can help it."

A second blush suffused the cheek of Rosalie, not that she dreaded the idea of a rival in a heart that had manifested its faithful uninterested attachment in every instance, nor would she for the world have drawn from Andrew the slightest question tending to curiosity, though had she been so disposed she could not have found a more intelligent being

for her subject, but her noble soul scorned such mean artifice, and therefore telling Andrew she would not detain him longer, he went merrily to work with his shears, while Rosalie opening the library, drew from thence by chance Thomson's beautiful Poems; the book opened exactly on the story of Lavinia. The charming tale excited a tear—it reminded her of a far-distant and valued friend. Palemon's generosity impressed the idea of Lord Edwin, and the character of Lavinia seemed nearly incident to her own: She shut the book, and raising her eyes perceived Andrew steadfastly gazing in apparent astonishment at the tear she thought private and imperceptibly shed, and a sigh escaped her, which was answered by an involuntary responsive one from Andrew, as he descended the ladder with his shears and basket.

Rosalie touched the guitar, but not knowing its art hung it up again. A port folio of drawings lay open on the table, and she ventured to peep at a few, when turning the  
leaves,

leaves, the wind being very brisk, waisted a small vellum medallion into a thicket of woodbines. Terrified and fearful another breeze should catch it, she hastened down the steps to regain it, but what was her delight and surprise on beholding the most perfect resemblance of Lord Edwin, sketched by the pencil of his sister. "Inestimable treasure!" cried she, "would I dared steal thee, or that I could trace such another, but that's impossible, yet would Lady Adela condescend to instruct me, I do think by constant practice I should soon be able to make an humble attempt, and if so, it shall be the first favor I solicit; however incapable I may be of attaining any degree of perfection, I will at least exert my best endeavours."

Again she examined every feature and then replaced it exactly in the same situation, when turning a few more leaves a profile drawing of Lady Louisa presented itself, and the dress being somewhat similar to her mother's miniature, reminded her of the Marquis's unkindly

kindly depriving her of it, without ever assigning any reason to her.

The hour of nine was now proclaimed by the clock from the chapel, an elegant edifice for the private use of the family, erected on an eminence in the park, terminating a grove of lofty elms, and forming a most pleasing spectacle from the windows of the castle, and reminded her it was time to return to the breakfast parlour, where she found the family just assembling: Rosalie blushing beautiful as the enchanting morning, courtesied and took her seat."

"If you enjoy the delightful breezes of the morning, I don't know why you should steal the bloom of all our roses, covetous girl," said Lady Louisa patting her cheek.

"Indeed ladies I am alone indebted to the same dispenser of bloom that reared those roses, bountiful Providence, who tinted their leaves with beauty, flushed my cheek with  
health;



health; I have been up these two hours amusing myself in the pavilion with some elegant poems, which so much interested my attention I did not regard the hour 'till the chapel clock warned me to return.

“Are you fond of reading?” asked Lady Louisa.

“Extremely so,” replied Rosalie, “and my guardian, M. Tourville, who delighted in study, used to furnish me with numerous pleasant and instructive books, by which means I employed every leisure hour in instructing myself and Madelon; he also made me write frequently, corrected my errors, and assisted my improvement, and every week I was obliged to translate, by the help of my Dictionary and own genius some select piece for his inspection: Such was the system of my education under the friendly auspices of the most amiable of men, while my merit was constantly rewarded by some new and interesting

resting book, and by this means I acquired the sole instruction I ever received, although I seldom saw my friendly preceptor, every interval of his absence was dedicated to his parting injunction."

Rosalie wiped away a tear of affection to his memory, and the Marquis forgot to drink his chocolate, while he listened with silent rapture to the sentiments of his lovely protégée.

"Miss Villars will be here by two o'clock," said Lady Adela, "and in the mean time we will employ our morning in the pavilion, where you shall see my drawings and Louisa's embroidery and tambour, and which ever you prefer we will with pleasure instruct you in."

Rosalie readily acknowledged her partiality to the crayon, and also to obtain some instruction on the guitar. "I have a beautiful lute up stairs," said she, "the valued present of a friend at Chamouny."

"Oh,

"Oh, fetch it by all means," said Lady Louisa, "it will have a charming effect in the pavilion, and you must indulge us."

They then repaired thither, and anxiously awaited the commencement of the dulcet melody from the lovely minstrel.

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CHAP.

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CHAP. XIV.  

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**S**OFTLY sweet the plaintive strain broke on the attentive ear, and she played with exquisite taste a pastoral air, whose beautiful simplicity delighted Lady Louisa.

“Pray who taught you, Rosalie?” asked she, charmed with her taste and execution.

“Lindor, the mountaineer,” replied Rosalie, “the humble admirer of Madelon, consequently ever esteemed by me: Madelon could not learn, indeed she had not time, but my fancy was ever so delighted and inspired by music that I begged Lindor to become  
come

come my instructor: Oh! how did I use to long for the hour of evening, that brought our lively youth to the cottage."

"Giraldine then took her knitting to the little bench at the door, Madelon and I pursued our spinning, Josephine wound our cotton, while Reuben listened with a smile of satisfaction to each romantic note. Thus passed the hours in innocent amusement 'till the rising moon warned him to depart, and as it lighted him home silvered the pane of our little casement, and guided us by its clear and beautiful beam to our pillows."

"Charming rusticity!" exclaimed Lady Adela, "I am delighted with your description." At that moment one of the windows became shaded, and Sir Henry tapped at it, mounted on Andrew's short ladder, which stood invitingly fixed, had been forgot to be removed, and climbing up with the agility of a squirrel, he popped in his head, but seeing Rosalie coming to remove a stand of flowers

flowers to facilitate his entrance, he drew back, begging pardon for his abrupt intrusion, not expecting to meet the eye of a stranger.

“Pray step in,” said Lady Louisa, “Sir Henry’s temerity seldom finds an obstacle his ingenuity and address cannot surmount, and as a fluent and eloquent apology would be no punishment to him to repeat impromptu, do not let us be deprived of it—on those conditions we pardon, therefore make an elegant entrée.”

Sir Henry obeyed. “I trust,” said he, “Lady Louisa will not deem it an impropriety to follow a good example, and as ladies now-a-days shew their dexterity in leaping out of windows, it is but proper gentlemen should keep them in countenance, by evincing their agility in climbing in; do not then blame a self-raised action, charming fair; Miss Villers and her beaux are just behind, and

and probably they may be inclined to try the same method by way of novel exercise."

"How ridiculous!" said Lady Louisa, turning half angrily away.

At that moment a loud peal of laughter burst from the shrubbery, and Miss Villars, her brother, Colonel Ardvine, and Lord Carlton, ascended to the pavilion; Miss Villars took her seat on the steps, declaring she was tired to death, and too hot to be stived up in a close room, "So let me alone, Ardvine, you tiresome toad," continued she, stretching out her legs three parts displayed, "Do unlace my boot, I have hurt my ankle, and the confinement makes it painful."

Shocked at her indelicacy, Rosalie politely offered her assistance.

"No, thank you, answered the Amazon, with her arms crossed and her foot extended to the Colonel, "Ardvine is a very useful animal

animal on such occasions, I will not trouble you."

Then leering at Lord Carlton in a half whisper, "I presume this blushing Miss is the Marquis's ward I lately heard of, quite a composition of insipidity methinks, good eyes enough too, but not the least tincture of vivacity about them, merely as if God had placed them in her head only to look with, not to express the passions of the soul, moves like clock-work, or as if the poor thing was afraid of damaging a basket of eggs every time she steps or turns round."

This speech, finished by a tonish stare of impudence, accompanied with a rude loud laugh, much irritated Lord Carlton.

"Upon my word," replied he, "you are very severe, Miss Villars, and in my opinion where 'tis quite needless, I have heard much of Miss St. Clair's beauty and sensibility, and I confess I think the description of the former  
by



by no means partial, nor do I conceive I shall be much disappointed in the latter, at least from appearances, however I shall draw no harsh conclusions, nor suffer myself to be biassed by so transient a view, my motto is "lenity," and I always cautiously avoid censure, lest I incur the character of a malicious scandalizer; and were I a female, the idea of envy might also be attached; for, alas! that is become so glaring and predominant a passion with them, that it moulds every virtue to its own jaundiced impression; for, like a nettle planted by a rose, you cannot attempt to admire or touch its innocent beauty but you feel the sting of its malicious and envious competitor, who, conscious of its inattractive powers, waves its poison to contaminate the harmless blossom, and undermines its tender leaves where least suspected; if such a weed rankles in the bosom of Rosalie St. Clair, Ethelbert Carlton will endeavour to eradicate its pernicious root. Miss Villers may applaud or condemn his morality, but a moment's

ment's reflection will convince her the lecture, however unpleasing, is founded on truth, and I trust her candour and good sense will coincide to clear him from the imputation of prejudice or rigidity to the errors of levity."

This fervently addressed speech by no means pleased his auditor. "I think," cried she, "Carlton would write a mighty good sermon, and if he will make an attempt to preach it also, I will condescend to nod some Sunday afternoon in an opposite pew, for the sake of a moralizing dream."

Lord Carlton disgusted with her insolent retort walked away, and took his seat by Lady Adela, and Miss Villars finding herself abandoned by the beaux, soon after entered the pavilion, with a boot in one hand and her hat in the other, and without regarding the presence of any one, ran up to the glass to admire her blowzy appearance, while the officious Colonel, a finished petit maitre, followed

ed close behind. "Your charming tresses font derangé, ma déesse," cried he.

"Well then, plat them up again," replied she, "I believe I shall be cropped for Newmarket, it will be so convenient to hunt too with Lord Edwin. Ah! a-propos, when does he return?"

"Very shortly," answered Lady Adela, "but he means to sell his fine hunter, for the last chace was so infringed on by the farmers, whom Edwin did not like to reprove, that it rendered it disagreeable, and as he is not very partial to that cruel diversion, he was easily prevailed on to give it up."

A second glance at the mirror discovered a fault in the adjustment of her neckcloth and off it came, folded in an enormous stuffing and two extra handkerchiefs. Thus far undressed, it was necessary to inquire if the lady wished to make any other alteration, while the charming sisters, reddening with

confusion, begged she would retire to their dressing-room, where Agnes should attend her; but, lost to every impulse of delicacy, and a perfect adept of assurance, she undauntedly replied, "she should soon finish." Her dress being soon after adjusted, Lady Louisa proposed a walk, and parasols being provided, and supported by the gentlemen, Lady Louisa took the arm of Sir Henry, while Rosalie, disgusted and terrified, shrunk back to the side of Lord Carlton, who passing his arm through hers on one side, and Lady Adela's on the other, strolled to a different part, and left Miss Villars leaning on the shoulder of Colonel Ardvine.

They soon after adjourned to the stable to give their opinion of a fine horse lately purchased, in whose commendation Miss Villars was very eloquent, to the no small amusement of the grooms, to whom she made several observations: They then returned to the house to take chocolate, and departed, earnestly entreating the ladies to favor her  
with

with their company at the villa, but cautiously avoided inviting Rosalie, whom she treated with the very essence of hauteur, and making her only a slight inclination of her head en-passant, mounted her horse and set off in full trot for a wager with the Colonel.

Many and various were the opinions concerning Miss Villars: — To the men she was a general object of derision—to the women a disgusting Amazonian: Yet, even while they viewed her conduct, carried to a pitch of absurdity, their lenient bosoms could not help pitying her errors. Levity in the extreme, tempered by a degree of impetuosity and ill nature, was her perfect character, yet though her behaviour warranted every freedom, her virtue caught the most transient alarm.

Possessed of a fine fortune and the only daughter of a noble family, every one bowed to the dictates of Georgina, and thus trained up in the practice of self-will, could it be

wondered she now reigned the haughty tyrant of uncontrouled power.

The fair sisters beheld her with disgust ; she was by no means a pleasing associate, whose aspiring virtues could direct or emulate their own, yet as Mr. Villars, her father, was a man of general acquaintance and respectability, and frequently visited at the castle from business or pleasure, it was necessary to be distantly polite to his daughter, who occasionally intruded, but seldom had her visits returned ; yet to the ladies she always behaved as polite and friendly as her irritable temper would permit.

CHAP.

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CHAP. XIV.  

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A FEW days elapsed when a letter from Lord Edwin announced his intended arrival at the castle in three or four days. The Marquis instantly planned a scheme of sending Rosalie to the abbey, where the Dowager Lady Mentoria had retired about three weeks since: He wished not to send his daughters, as Edwin might probably be inclined to pay them a visit, yet to suffer her to travel sixty miles alone would be improper, and as it was not in his power to accompany her without a degree of suspicion arising, he determined Montague should convey

her; and lest his daughters should embarrass him by inquiring the reason of her hasty departure, he resolved to give them a slight intimation of his suspicions, by telling them, he begged they would never encourage Edwin in any such ideas of Rosalie, on pain of his eternal displeasure; this they faithfully promised, and hastened to the chamber of Rosalie, informing her, some friends were expected at the Castle in a day or two, for whose accommodation her apartment would be wanted, and it was the Marquis's wish she should go on a visit to the Abbey during their stay, for some private reasons they could not assign.

“When our visitors are gone,” said Lady Adela, “we will come and partake your society at Thornley, where our good aunt will make you an excellent companion, her spacious library will serve to amuse you, and your lute will sound sweetly, and delight Lady Mentoria in her sequestered shades, while various other amusements will charm the  
fleeing



fleeting hours and not leave you a languid moment."

Rosalie bowed obedience with a heart far more inclined to undertake her journey than they suspected, and in the evening stepping into the Marquis's post chariot and four, she set off blithe and happy, waving her hand in respectful adieus as the carriage drove down the avenue, and the Marquis felt a degree of pleasure tempered by the hope of security as he watched the carriage out of sight.

The evening of the second day shewed her the turrets of the Abbey peeping through the ivy that encircled their basis, and the thick and gloomy-shading plantations that embosomed the gothic pile; the lambent fires of day darted a burnished gleam on the high arched windows, and eve's last rosy tints were just expiring, while ruby shadows in fantastic forms played in the empurpled west, and the wild poet of the glade joined her soft dulcet note to animate the passing woodman's rural

song, who, homeward trudging to his little cottage, in the neighbouring hamlet, displaced the comfortable pipe to chant his rustic ballad, and moved his tattered hat in token of civility to the lovely stranger.

The element was serenely beautiful, innumerable fleecy clouds, tinged with soft golden fluid, in fantastic forms floated on the azured canopy, and in the wide expanse of æther the moon's transparent silver-seeming mask peeped forth its mystic and refulgent form.

At length the chaise stopped at the antique porch; ponderous arches supported the massy fabric, and from the ivy-twined pillars deep secreted the little cheerful robin peeped his head, and hailed the stranger with a welcome song. The massy hinges hospitably opened, and received the timid guest.

Montague conducted her through a spacious hall of black marble, while on the ancient carved pannels innumerable warlike trophies

trophies were suspended, the memorials of at least two centuries; the solemn gloom and the found of her own feet echoing up the great staircase made her shudder, and she closely followed Montague, not daring to turn her head, passing through a long range of gallery, and peeping into several large apartments, Montague opened an enormous door and Rosalie started.

On a high chair of crimson, velvet curiously cut, sat Lady Mentoria; a diminutive figure about seventy-six; habited in a rich brown tabby sacque and treble ruffles with a short black lace apron and hood; she arose and politely saluted her fair guest, who presented a letter from the Marquis, which the Dowager read with attention, often glancing a look at Rosalie, who was surveying with astonishment the ponderous window frames and dark wainscot, against whose chequered panel several family portraits in lumbering frames stared their gruff countenances, and chilled her beating heart.

“Mercy

“Mercy on me,” thought she, “I wish I was in my native cottage, or safe out of this place, I have often heard of haunted castles and towers, and this gloomy Abbey brings it strongly to my remembrance.”

“Lady Mentoria finished the letter and entering into the most pleasing and interesting conversation, totally dissipated every dislike from the bosom of her fair visiter; in short it was hard to say which was most pleased with their companion, for Lady Mentoria subjoined the most amiable disposition to the many virtues she possessed, and never forgot the sunshine of eighteen could cheer the chill winter of seventy, tempered with the genial contrast of acquiescent politeness and good-nature retaliated from youth to age; tenderly beloved by all who knew her, and respected by every class of society, she had bent the youthful minds of her nieces to the perfect model of her own estimable character.

The

The hour of retiring drew nigh, and Lady Mentoria, with the alacrity of youth, tripped along the gallery, and led Rosalie to her apartment, where wishing her refreshing slumbers she withdrew.

Rosalie left alone began to examine every part of her spacious chamber; the ceiling was vaulted, and grotesque characters represented on its damp-discoloured surface exhibited the most hideous and non-descript creatures: The windows were extremely high and arched in the old fashioned cathedral stile, darkened at top with several panes of stained glass, one only opened low enough to obtain a view of the garden; she drew up the dark green damask curtain that shaded it, and threw up the sash to take a survey of what the trembling moonlight's palid beam would permit her to discover through the thick branches of shading trees, that appeared to bound a portion of park, or lawn; all was silent but the hoarse voice of a Newfoundland dog, from the porter's lodge, that growled occasionally;

occasionally; she now drew down the heavy  
curtain and began to undress.

On the opposite side of the room stood a high antique bed, whose fringed canopy suspended from the ceiling by tarnished brackets; the hangings of the room were faded tapestry, representing the famous siege of Troy, but as Rosalie was totally unacquainted with the heathen mythology, she was ignorant of what it was.

Her wax taper now burnt dim and increased the gloom, her heart beat quick and irregular, and she would have given the world for a companion: Something at that moment tapped at the window, and the terrified Rosalie remained immoveable, with her eyes earnestly fixed on the curtain, to observe its movement, but all being still she mustered resolution to approach it, and lifting the candle as high as she could raise it at arms length, the sudden light disturbed the intruder in the form of a large bat, which fluttered

tered down on the floor: This was some relief to her terror, and she compassionately gave him his liberty, and once more composed herself and undressed; but, alas! crossing the room to extinguish the candle something twitched the top of her hand, and with an involuntary shriek, she fell on the ground, and the wax taper being in her hand was smothered and left her in total darkness.

Her shriek soon echoed to Lady Mentoria's chamber, and the Dowager not being as yet in bed, though she had dismissed her attendant, slipped on a long robe de chambre and hastened to inquire the cause, and opening the door, all in white, with a small lamp in her hand, her grotesque head dress, had probably increased the terror of Rosalie, had she not fallen on her face with both hands over her eyes, 'till the voice of Lady Mentoria roused her stupor, to whom she related her fright, begging a thousand pardons for the trouble she had occasioned. Lady Mentoria smiling, tenderly soothed her agitation, "Make  
yourself

yourself happy, little timorous girl," said she, "Hervey shall sleep with you; however, let me convince you, the imaginary spectre that touched you was no other than the bell-tassel, which depends from the center of the ceiling, and which you probably did not observe, or suppose yourself within its reach, therefore rest assured there are no ghosts haunt this Abbey that have not four legs at least, and should they molest you, your good sense and innocence will protect you 'till we can trace the tremendous intruders."

Poor Rosalie, abashed and angry at her weakness and exposition, entreated Lady Mentoria to retire, saying she was perfectly convinced of her folly, and would not trouble Mrs. Hervey to change her bed.

With this perfect assurance of courage the old Lady retired, and Rosalie jumped into bed to reflect on her ridiculous timidity, which she determined to conquer, and committing herself to the protection of the guardi-

an



an angels, who hover around the pillow of innocence, she reclined in the sweetest slumber; 'till a robin, perched on a branch that shaded her window, waked her with his morning oraison.

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END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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